AVANT GARDE 12

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FRONT LINES

THE AMERICAN DESERTER 1776-1970

If you've always thought that Americans are a violent people, you've got another think coming. When it comes to deserting from the armed forces, we Americans have a perfectly wonderful record. In fact, the rate of our desertions —from the Revolutionary War onwards— should be an unending source of national pride (or national shame, depending on how you look at it). And as the Vietnam war goes on, and on, ad infinitum and ad nauseum, our record gets better all the time.

According to the Department of Defense, in fiscal 1967 we had 40,227 deserters; in fiscal 1968, 53,352; and in fiscal 1969, 73,121. (A deserter is, technically, someone who is absent without leave for 30 days or more.) Now, on June 30, 1968, there were 3,547,000 Americans in uniform, so during fiscal 1968 about one in every 67 servicemen walked off into the sunset. On June 30, 1969, there were 3,458,000 Americans in uniform, so about one in every 47 deserted during fiscal 1969. If we add the desertions for these two years, and assume that half the servicemen were replaced during that time, we get a rate of one in every 41.

Just by way of contrast, during the whole of World War I, a mere one out of every 222 servicemen was classified as a deserter—this at a time when draft-evaders were lumped with deserters. And during the whole of the Korean War, only one out of every 100 servicemen took a powder.

Strange as it may seem, not many of us Americans are as proud of our fighting men's desertion record as we ought to be. For example, while we have a neutral synonym for "draft dodger" and "draft evader" (namely, "conscientious objector"), we have no such syn-

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onym for "deserter"—even a German soldier who wouldn't fight for Hitler goes by that insulting label. (It is herewith proposed that we adopt the phrase "conscientious escapee"—C.E.) What's more, none of the popular almanacs lists the number of deserters from major American wars, nor do the Encyclopedia Britannica, Collier's Encyclopedia, Compton's, the World Book, or the Encyclopedia Americana. The one exception is the American People's Encyclopedia, from which we learn that even the thumping desertion rate from the Vietnam war isn't as high as the desertion rates from a number of other wars.

While you're trying to guess which wars they were, let's find out what kind of soldier deserts, why he does it, and how he can succeed in hiding out in the United States despite the combined efforts of the American armed forces and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Edward C. Johnson is a 22-year-old who skipped from Fort Hood, Texas, in April of 1969, and has been on the lam for over a year now. We heard about him through his lawyer, and recently arranged a meeting in a midtown Manhattan restaurant.

Johnson didn't exactly slink into the restaurant, but he didn't exactly look happy about the whole thing, either. He's tall and slender, has blue eyes and a pinched nose, wears his brown hair down to his shoulders and sports a beard. He gives the impression of someone who doesn't like being pushed around.

Is it really possible to disappear in the USA in the year 1970? "Sure it is," he says with a smile. "At first I was always frightened. If I saw a cop coming down the street, I cringed. Now I know there are so many AWOLs that the FBI doesn't have time to spend searching for me. I haven't changed my name, and I keep my name on the bell of my apartment. Once in a while I even phone my parents, and I'm sure that their line isn't tapped. I even have a post-office box under my name.

"There's a reason for this, you see. If I'm picked up off the street, they have to prove desertion. They have to prove intent. But they can't, because I haven't changed my name and I always carry my I.D. card with me." He showed us his identification card, which contained a photo of a clean-shaven, short-haired zombie. "That's me after 70 hours without sleep. Nobody could identify me from it, but I haven't really disguised myself—I had a beard before I was inducted."

Why did he enter the Army in the

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first place? "I didn't want to get drafted. I'd changed my address four times in six months, but they were hot on my tail. Then I decided to give myself up and go in, just to find out what it was all about." Is he a pacifist? "Yes, I am. I believe in a God who doesn't believe in killing. But everybody draws a line at a different place. If someone punched me in the mouth, I'd punch him right back in the mouth."

When did he decide to become a conscientious escapee? "Actually, this is the second time I've left. The first time I went away for just a month. I had applied for a discharge as a conscientious objector, but they said that I wasn't religious enough—once you're in the Army it's almost impossible to get discharged because you're a C.O. So I decided to go AWOL for a month and get courtmartialed as a deserter. When I came back, they knew what I had in mind, so instead of courtmartialing me they charged me with being AWOL for only 29 days. They wanted to ship me over to Vietnam. On the same day, I took off. I took everything with me, including my uniform, because I knew I wasn't coming back."

How has he been able to make a living? "I've had five or six jobs since last April. They've all been menial jobs—driving a truck, working in a mailroom. I didn't tell anybody I was an ex-serviceman or anything—I said I'd flunked out of college and had been traveling in Europe, and some of my friends covered for me by giving me references. On most of the jobs I lasted one or two months at the most. If anyone started asking me questions, I left the next day. Sometimes I was offered a job and I was afraid to take it—I was really getting paranoid. It would have been hard as hell to live these past 12 months if I didn't have a good chick behind me." He and his girlfriend, a receptionist for a publishing house, began living together soon after he became a conscientious escapee.

Isn't there a C.E. mutual-aid society or something? "No, there's no underground. There are very few contacts between AWOLs. But we trust each other more than we trust other people." Isn't he afraid that one of his other friends might disapprove of what he's doing, and turn him in? "No—at least, not my close friends. They think I've got balls for doing this."

Johnson went to the University of Bridgeport in Connecticut, but left after his first year—"I left before I flunked out.

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There wasn't a good learning atmosphere there." He has a younger sister who, he says, "is behind me 100 percent." His father is an engineer, his mother is an art teacher, and they're a different story.

"At the beginning," he says, "they ranted and raved. They called me a coward and threw me out of the house and told me never to come back. My father had been in the Air Corps, but my mother was much worse than he was—she wouldn't even sit down and listen to me. Now they're more tolerant of me having my own opinions and ideas. We've got a better relationship now than we had before."

Johnson and his girlfriend want to get married, but he says it's out of the question now. "Though I have a friend who got married while he was AWOL. It was insane. At the altar, the two of them kept looking over their shoulders!" He also wants to go into photography and filmmaking, though he knows he can't get anywhere as a C.E. who hasn't changed his identity. But he's finally saved enough money to hire a lawyer to demand his discharge from the Army, and the case is coming up very soon. How are his chances? "Not too good," he says gloomily. What'll happen if he loses? "I guess I'll have to spend time in an Army prison."

Before we separated, Johnson agreed to ask his lawyer to have another C.E. telephone us.

Thomas W. Catlow, unlike Johnson, is decidedly no pacifist. "I'm a militant," he told us. "I'd fight for Castro's Cuba, but not for Nixon's America." Politically, says this 18-year-old from New Jersey who didn't graduate from high school, "I'm a Marxist-Leninist."

Catlow is about 5 feet 8, very husky, has red hair and fair, freckled skin, and the beginnings of a moustache and a goatee. Although he doesn't have a Harvard accent and doesn't speak as elegantly as a Yale man, and although his conversation is so salty that our elderly waiter almost fainted twice, Catlow is angrily articulate. He is, in short, a very tough customer.

His parents have been separated for a dozen years, and Catlow grew up with his mother and stepfather. "My stepfather and I had fistfights, and knife-fights," he remembers. "My mother had me put in jail three times." Catlow's father is a bartender in Weehawken, and they get along pretty well.

Catlow didn't graduate from high school because he was arrested on a charge of breaking and entering. Although he didn't do it (a friend did), Catlow was told by a Monmouth County judge that he could choose between five years in prison and three years in the Army (and Catlow hadn't even been tried yet). Catlow chose the Army. The Army lived to regret it.

Soon after he entered, Catlow was charged with being AWOL from Fort Dix—because he was an hour and 45 minutes late in returning from a pass. Since he had been told that anyone who telephoned in that he would be late wouldn't be punished, and since he had telephoned, Catlow declined to accept two weeks of extra duty and was placed under guard. He leaped out of a window and went back to Weehawken. After a while he decided to return—to get in touch with his military lawyer. So he phoned the FBI, but the FBI—always on its toes protecting us against criminals—told him it had no jurisdiction. So Catlow went back on his own, was placed in the stockades, then escaped again (not surprisingly, one of his distant relatives is Harry Houdini). Five days later, while he was roaming around, an ex-MP spotted him and turned him in, "probably for the $25 reward."

Put back in the stockades, Catlow—of course—escaped again. He was quickly picked up in Weehawken, by the same cop who had arrested him on the breaking-and-entering charge the year before. The cop gave him a going over, then handed him over to two MPs. The MPs began driving Catlow to a New York City police station, but took a detour by way of the docks, where they gave Catlow a beating for "making extra work for us." Catlow's hands were handcuffed behind his back at the time. The MPs also took $5 away from Catlow and stole his cigarettes. At the police station, Catlow was given another beating after he spit in the face of one of the MPs.

The next day he was back in Fort Dix, where six guards were assigned to watch over him. They had loaded .45s and kept asking, "Why don't you run away? We'll count to 10 before we start shooting." Catlow would have, too, except that his hands were tied behind his back.

Catlow had a long term to serve in the stockades for being AWOL, but it wasn't entirely boring. On June 5, after the prisoners had stood out in the sun for three hours, they were allowed into the cafeteria. One young soldier wanted something to drink, but there were no cups available. So he got up to get one,

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and was jumped on and thrown into solitary. That night, after the prisoners had spent another three hours in the sun, someone threw a foot locker and a full-fledged riot was on. Some 150 men smashed windows and set fires. When everything was over, Catlow—who insists he was innocent—was identified as one of the 38 ringleaders, and he and four others—before a trial was held—were fined a total of $1093 for the damage done. On the same day that his trial on the riot charge began, Catlow turned 18, so while two of the others got three-year sentences, one four years, and one was acquitted, out of leniency, Catlow got only a dishonorable discharge. He finished his time in the stockades, and then, knowing that it takes nine months for a dishonorable discharge to come through, Catlow took off, never to return.

Since then, he's been living in a Brooklyn apartment with his girlfriend (she doesn't believe in marriage). In some ways, he's more cautious than Johnson: He cased the restaurant before coming in to meet us, and wouldn't give his phone number. On the other hand, he's taken part in some public demonstrations—for the Black Panthers, for instance. "I really take risks," he said, shaking his head.

Catlow has been working off and on as a carpenter, but it's been tough because he doesn't have a draft card (he entered the Army before he was 18). What he really wants to do is work in a lawyer's office, and he's been studying to become a draft counselor. Curiously, he feels that his limited hitch in the Army did him a world of good. "I'm not afraid to voice my opinions anymore. I've spent two years in jail, and I don't want to go back, but I'm not afraid." In fact, he's suing the Army because of his treatment in the stockades, and if his dishonorable discharge doesn't arrive in Weehawken before the suit begins, he'll walk into court with his uniform on and risk being arrested. A very tough customer indeed.

Before we separated, Catlow told us that a man who knows a lot about military men in trouble is Howland Watts, head of the Workers' Defense League. He added, "He's the most wonderful man I ever met—he would never hurt anybody." We telephoned for an appointment, and the next day entered the League's ramshackle offices at 112 East 19th Street. Mr. Watts turned out to be a tall, gaunt, stooped man dressed in a dark suit and dark tie and wearing horn-rimmed glasses. He told me, after some thought, that he's 56, but he appears older, he smokes incessantly, drinks coffee incessantly, and has a hacking cough; all in all, it seemed that he would benefit enormously from three weeks in a hospital. (We were later told he's been overworking, and is due for a vacation.) Because his secretary had taken down our name, then written "AWOL" after it, Watts assumed that we were an escapee, and went on to assume that the magazine-writer bit was a flimsy ruse. Eventually this got cleared up, and we learned that Watts has been the president of the W.D.L. for four or five years and has been associated with it since 1938. He hails from Baltimore, went to the University of Chicago Law School, was a C.O. during World War II ("I'm the only pacifist here," he says, waving a hand at his five young assistants), and spent three years in government camps and as an attendant in a mental hospital. For eight years, he was the legal director of the American Civil Liberties Union—"We at the Workers' Defense League have shown them what a dynamic and aggressive organization can do." The League was set up in 1936 to help the working man (Norman Thomas was among the founders), but nowadays it helps all people who aren't being treated fairly—and for two years, it's been defending conscientious escapees. The League is supported by donations, which are not tax-deductible.

Watts told us that the League always advises C.E.s to return to their units—"It's to a person's advantage to return voluntarily. It's easier to establish that he never intended to desert, and he might even have a valid basis for discharge—as a conscientious objector, because of hardship or medical reasons, or because he was illegally inducted." As for hopping it to Canada, Watts thinks it is usually a bad choice: "Those in Canada are going to be disappointed if they think they can ever return to the United States without penalty."

It's possible to be AWOL for 10 years or longer, Watts went on, just as long as you always plan to go back someday; some C.E.s are never caught, but the longest he knows of was a man absent for six years before being caught. (Johnson, however, had mentioned that he knew a man away for seven and a half years, who turned himself in at Fort Dix, and who was told to go home because his records had been lost; Catlow had spoken of a man who's been out for four years, his success perhaps due to the fact

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that he's a Mafioso). Officers rarely depart, Watts said, and the highest-ranking C.E. he has encountered was a staff sergeant. He's also given advice to a C.E. from the Coast Guard. (Johnson had said he knew of a C.E. from the WACs.)

The biggest problem facing a C.E. who doesn't want to return, according to Watts, is the Social Security card. "It's America's internal passport," he says. You can't get a good-paying job without a Social Security card, if you use your own card, you'll probably be caught; and if you get a new card, using a new name, there's another five-year penalty involved.

Most C.E.s are eventually caught, mainly because they return to their hometowns, because they get into some other kind of trouble, or because they keep in touch with their friends in the service. Those who don't get caught

(1) go off into a new environment, like a big city.

(2) keep out of trouble (one C.E. went to Watts on a Friday, and was picked up the next day for speeding and identified as a C.E.) avoid demonstrations and the drug scene, and keep away from airports and other places where MPs are stationed.

(3) find some way of supporting themselves.

Often, Watts said, parents or girlfriends turn a C.E. in—out of "patriotism," or out of fear. The military sends a really terrifying letter to parents of AWOLs. And one mother, according to Watts, turned her own son in because he married a girl the mother disapproved of.

Finally, Watts and his aide, Miss Clariss Ritter, told us that, obviously, there are more conscientious escapees nowadays—not only because of the unpopularity of the war, but because there are now public agencies that will help C.E.s. Once, families hid a C.E. in their attic; now, all sorts of church groups and political groups are around to help.

Still, as mentioned, even the high C.E. rate from the Vietnam war—1 in 41 for 1968 and 1969—isn't the highest we've ever had.

"Desertion during the Revolution and the War of 1812 was common," writes Don Russell in the American Peoples' Encyclopedia. In fact, according to Elita Lonn, in the Dictionary of American History, "In the midst of campaigns the intractable militia ran off by companies—almost by regiments—until the roads were 'crowded with deserters.'"

Russell continues: "Despite occasional invocations of the death penalty, desertions reached high figures during the Civil War. Total desertions in the Union Army were estimated at 200,000, and in the Confederate Army at 100,000...." There were 2,213,363 soldiers who served in the Union Army, so the C.E. rate was 1 in 12. The Confederates numbered anywhere from 600,000 to 1,500,000, so their rate was between 1 in 6 and 1 in 15. But Russell notes that "in the closing days of the war...the Confederate Armies virtually melted away by desertion."

America's proudest moment came during the Mexican-American War (1846-1848), when there were 6825 C.E.s out of a total of 78,716 who served—a glorious rate of 1 out of every 11. Thoreau, you will remember, went to jail rather than pay taxes for the war. Congressman Abraham Lincoln voted for a resolution censuring President Polk for engaging in "an unnecessary and unconstitutional war"—(sound familiar?).

With the influx into America of dirty, ignorant, barbaric immigrants during the latter part of the 19th century, alas, America's desertion rates got progressively worse. There were fewer and fewer desertions. Of 306,760 servicemen in the Spanish-American War, only 5,285 lit out—a rate of 1 in 58. During World War I, there were 4,734,991 serving, and 21,282 either deserted or didn't report—a rate of 1 in 222.

Things got better during the end of World War II, when, according to Russell, "The AWOL problem reached large but not serious proportions in Italy, France, Germany, and Japan and other occupied areas." From mid-1944 to mid-1945, about 1 in 18 soldiers deserted. During the first year of the Korean War the C.E. rate was only 1 in 238, but by the end of the war it was 1 in 46. For the entire war, it was about 1 in 100.

Naturally, the U.S. Army is a mite worried about the high C.E. rate from the Vietnam War. The Congress of the United States is a bit bothered, too. Why, last year the House Appropriations Committee even decided to investigate this scandal, and heard the testimony of Army Lt. General A.O. Connor, Deputy Chief of Staff for Personnel. Lt. General Connor has a subtle, delicate mind, and wouldn't dream of considering the unpopularity of the war a cause of the mass desertions. That's too obvious an answer. No, Lt. General Connor told the Congressmen, there's a far more penetrating reason so many American servicemen become conscientious escapees. "We are getting more kooks in the Army."

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A RINGING NEW FORM OF ANTIWAR PROTEST

Dial-A-Hawk

Nixon's reaction to the outcry over the invasion of Cambodia shows that the Administration is, at long last, listening to the antiwar forces of this country. And to ensure that the Administration keeps on listening, the editors of Avant-Garde have devised a new form of antiwar protest. It is called Dial-A-Hawk.

Through painstaking research, Avant-Garde has collected the private home telephone numbers of all of the Administration's leading hawks. They appear on the next three pages. We urge you to call a hawk this evening, or this weekend, and let him know how you feel about the war. Tell him that you're goddam sick and ashamed over it, and you want it ended NOW! The Administration says that it wants to listen to us, so let's give our leaders an ear-full—and not just from a park across the street from the White House, but in direct mouth-to-ear confrontation.

After you've made your call (or calls), write and tell us what happened. We'll print a selection of the letters in our next issue.

Almost every one of the telephone numbers on the following pages is a direct, private line into a hawk's home. There are three exceptions, however, where you'll have to go through a switchboard. If the operator gives you a hard time—or if she says that the hawk has changed his number and doesn't want his new one given out—just tell her that the call is a matter of life and death. As, indeed, it is.

Dial-a-hawk

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Laid on Fire Island

A SHORT STORY BY GARY YOUREE

"Why am I doing this to you, Herman? Because you're really a good egg, Herman that's why I'm doing this," the girl said

What she was doing was she was getting out of bed. And getting dressed. Before he could engage her in the activity they'd gotten into bed for in the first place

"Not that I took you for the bang-bang-bye-bye type, Herman but a quick sweet screw and so long, yes," the girl went on, letting the panty elastic snap against her nice flat tummy "But suddenly I smell *involvement*, and that I can skip this summer How come you're not married anyway or are you?"

He was sitting naked except for his socks on the bed's edge, blinking at her like a prepubescent orphan who's just had his first popsicle in three years snatched before the first lick. The shock of the loss was bad enough Her reason stunned him. She wasn't being mean, just honest, and her appraisal of the situation, he sensed, was backed by a wealth of experience. He wanted to be as coolly objective as she was, to honestly point out her faults, too, and perhaps get laid yet, but his hurt pride dictated, "Going to bed with everybody you meet doesn't make you a psychologist young lady it just makes you a slut which I can do without anyway '

It didn't come off, though. His tone of voice was wavering and lacked conviction It sounded like a badly punctured ego nearing final deflation

Sorry I hurt you," she replied blandly strapping on her C-cup brassiere

"Who's hurt, ha, I'd just like to know how you think you know so much about me already that's all, ha. We met two hours ago and already I'm not a sweet screw-bang or whatever the disgusting expression was, just what makes you so sure, Miss Psychologist-Slut

She pulled on a skirt, which was not much longer than a belt is wide gave him an expressionless glance and said "Just some little things I noticed "

That was the coup de grace, anything else she said would be epitaph The corpse covered its crotch with a pillow, and wailed, 'If you're referring to the fact, which I don't deny that I didn't exactly have an erection yet, well a little personal human warmth from you could have fixed *that* little thing, and what's more . "

Strapping on her sandals, the girl said "Herman, you crave love and affection. you don't just want a lay " She turned at the door "And you want to give love and affection too Find yourself a nice warm wife. Herman A cocksman you're not I bet you haven't laid five chicks and you must be at least forty."

He said "Get out " but she had already closed the door behind her shut the coffin lid and turned the screws. Through the door came her soft, cheerless, ' Bye, Herman "

"Defeated by a teenage runaway snatch who saw my hangups like they were dripping wet wash on a sagging line over the bed I sleep alone in," he said to the pillow in his lap. "My first pickup, too. How could she *tell*? I'm so near forty that if you count womb-time I've already passed it, and oboy my past experience. ha. Three smashing love affairs with women who couldn't have given it away on a troop ship. Each one it took me months to get started, and months more to peter out Sure I ought to get married, but I WANT TO GET LAID SOME FIRST' Smartass little bitch, it might interest you to know that my name's HYMAN not Herman Hyman Hunter, a living pun And why I didn't lay you is simple enough and you should have noticed if you're so fucking wise just as I was about to I had this bad cramp '

Hyman Hunter threw his pillow at the door real hard It missed. " 'A good egg!' " he muttered contemptuously and got up, at a glass of scotch and drank a cigarette "A good egg's ass." Hyman phoned his friend Bobo Wiseman

Bobo Wiseman got laid every Friday and Saturday night and on Sunday afternoons, except summers which he spent on Fire Island where he got laid mornings, evenings, and sometimes for lunch Bobo had been trying to help Hyman get laid. It was his suggestion that Hyman hang around Second Avenue and St Marks Place and snag a runaway "They come across quicker than your fist," Bobo had assured him That was two months back Hyman Hunter had spent a couple of hours every evening for two months on the corner of St Marks and Second Avenue and finally an attractive and disarmingly innocent-looking young girl had approached him and said "Hey man. I've seen you hanging around here every night, are you pushing? You're not fuzz are you?" Hyman had shook his head and gulped "I want to make love," and the girl said, ' Wow this could be a gas," and they went to his apartment where it developed that he was a good egg, not a cocksman

Bobo Wiseman took a while to answer the phone, which meant he was probably in the middle of someone ' Hope I didn't interrupt anything," Hyman apologized

"Nothing you would recognize." said Bobo. "So what's happening, you finally make out?"

"I picked up this beautiful young girl, Bobo, you should have seen her. And when we got to my apartment we just got undressed just like that and got in bed Boy was I turned on!"

' Was it good cook?" said Bobo

'She had long auburn hair, and the cutest dimples on her butt, and the biggest. ."

'How many times did you bang her?"

Hyman hesitated too long before saying, "Well ,just once actually, uh. ,"

Couldn't get it up, huh?" said Bobo without much compassion

"I had a cramp, I got this bad gut cramp all of a sudden but get this. We had a sort of argument and she called me a 'good egg,' now did you ever hear such a corny expression? Hell, who wants to make it with a chick like that anyway that talks like that? Anyway she left before my cramp did so

"Hymie, you *are* a good egg. let's face it Pal Like I've told you since we met you ought to find a nice. plump, patient broad fertile but no [illegible] young and get married. You'll get over your cramp

Hyman groaned "I want some variety first hell, Bobo. you get it once a week . "

Three times a week " corrected Bobo

' Three times a week," Hyman went on You've had enough you're the one who ought to get married not me I '

"Actually I get three different women every week, and at three lays per woman that comes out to nine lays a week, just to keep the record straight," said Bobo Wiseman. "Then, in the summer on Fire Island I get three women per day with three lays per " Bobo paused and coughed. "Oh well, I won't bore you with my heavy schedule, Hymie. Tell you what, Pal, you want to spend a week at my house on Fire Island? I won't be moving out there until next week, so the house is yours if you want it Sex hangs in the Fire Island air like ozone in a thunderstorm boys, girls, you can take your choice."

"What do you mean take my choice, hey what's that supposed to mean?"

"No offense Hymie, I'm just giving you a Chamber of Commerce report "

"I'm not queer, you know "

How would I know? I just hear you complain I never see you operate "

'Forget it Bobo, just tell me about the girls "

"They're like honey in a hive, all you have to do is stick your stinger in." said Bobo, "Just be sure you get it out again. Let me explain. There are still a few chicks left who run around with their cunts sealed, and even I can't get the seal off one of these cunts in New York City But on Fire Island that sexy atmosphere melts the old seal right off, and you get in. and then she tries to slap the seal back on with you inside. Understand the metaphor, Hymie? They use their cunts like traps, and of all the broads who flock to Fire Island in the summer to mate, those are the ones to watch out for "

'How can you tell them from the others?" said Hyman, tingling with the vision of girls flocking to Fire Island to mate

"You can't, not until you've got one spread, and then she whimpers something like, 'Now that you've laid me on Fire Island, I don't guess you'll want to see me again.' That's supposed to make you feel guilty, or lose your hard or both, unless of course you really *want* to see her again, which is what she's after, of course, in the first place Those broads don't play fair They come to Fire Island knowing the sex is free. No rules. no obligations but a good bang or two. and they try to trap you for life. How's a guy supposed to know in the heat of a Fire Island moment if he wants to see that same broad back in New York or someplace? She might be something else entirely someplace else, and probably is. Him too how does she know she wants to see him again someplace else? Me, I'm the same everywhere, but a guy like you Hymie *you'll* be different there that is, if you make out "

'Meaning I have a seal on my cock?" said Hyman

' You said it, I didn't," Bobo replied. Look, I've got to get back to something before it gets cold Drop by tonight and pick up the key, and in the meantime be composing what you're going to say when a broad tells you 'Now that you've laid me on Fire Island, I guess you won't want to see me anymore, huh?', because the guilt can shake a man, Hymie, and a good egg like you might get scrambled."

"What do *you* say when they say that,

Bobo?"

"I say, 'Huh? hey, wiggle your ass, I'm coming,'" said Bobo

Bobo Wiseman's house was on the ocean side of the Island's finest village, Ocean Beach. Hyman Hunter arrived on the first ferry, Friday morning, found the house, changed into his new red abdominal support swimtrunks, rose-tinted wrap-around shades and white deck sneakers. By 10:49 a.m. daylight saving time he was strutting down the walk, sniffing the ozone, beach-bound with a banana-yellow beach towel roguishly draped over one shoulder. Hunter felt fine, buoyantly anonymous, confident, and as usual, horny. His good friend Bobo had given him some parting advice. "Play it cool, Hymie, tease 'em a little first. Meaning don't come on like an ape in rut. On the other hand, don't act like a cherry either. You'll get your bearings, your balls after a couple of fumbles, and hit on the best style. Good luck, Pal."

Hunter spread his beach towel just beyond the dunes, safely out of the tide's range, and settled cross-legged on it. He popped his knuckles and waited. It was too early for much action. A few families, some faggots, and a pack of females in their mid-twenties. "Bitches that run in packs, avoid," Bobo had told him. "You can't get one in the house without getting them all, and then all you'll get is out of food, booze and your mind." A couple passed by Hunter and spread their blanket near the surf. Couples arrived from other directions and spread their blankets. Then all of a sudden a lot of tanned hard-muscled, single young jocks seemed to rise right out of the sand and scoop up all of the single girls Hunter hadn't noticed in the confusion of couples, packs, kids and whatnot. Suddenly the beach was crowded and everybody seemed to have somebody, except Hunter who still sat cross-legged behind his shades, popping his knuckles, no longer so confident, but still anonymous and, yes, still *horny*.

A sunbrowned blonde in a black bikini weaved by Hunter under a wide-brimmed straw hat, the plentiful flesh of her buttocks squeezed from the taut bikini bottom, exposing sharp white crescent moons of unsunned ass. Hunter stood quickly and stretched, with a loud, manly yawn. A doubtful mating call, but the lady's head turned in passing, her expression hidden behind yellow shades the size of diaphragm cases. When she had disappeared beyond a raucous clot of volleyball players, Hunter lay down prone on the beach towel and rested his chin in the nest of his arms, crescents of white meat still dancing in his eyes. Probably a category one or two, he mused. When he picked up the key from Bobo, his friend had advised that, broadly speaking, there were four kinds of women who come to mate at Fire Island. Women looking for first husbands, women looking for second, third, fourth, etc., husbands, women looking to supplement husbands, and girls looking to screw. The last two categories were least likely to have seals on their cunts. But still, a woman looking to supplement her husband might decide to drop him and grab you, and a girl looking to screw might suddenly decide she's also looking for a husband. "Getting laid's a tricky business, after all they're human, you know," said Bobo Wiseman.

Hunter had told the pretty fairy he met on the ferry about Bobo's categories of Fire Island women, and about the cunt seals, and the fairy had been the wrong person to reveal that intelligence to. He was going to Cherry Grove, the gay village, and how they had met was the fairy had approached Hunter at the rail on the top deck and asked, 'Excuse me, but didn't we meet at Cherry Grove last year?' Hunter quick to spot a queer, had hastily explained his destination and mission, and the fairy had put him down. That was when Hunter revealed the categories, to assure the fairy that he was honestly only looking for girls who wanted to screw, that he wasn't the kind of person to break up homes and hearts. The fairy said 'Why, that's the most disgusting bullshit I ever heard' You can't categorize people like that. A person might go to bed with me for an enjoyable evening and think no more of it, and then go to bed with you and fall in love, or vice versa. Even an insensitive asshole like your friend Bobo can fall in love, and I hope he fails, for a person who just wants to screw *everybody*." Hunter had been ashamed and embarassed and tried to get away from the moralizing fruit, but his hand was being held. "I'm really ashamed of you," the fairy scolded. "You just don't seem like the kind of *person* who would try to be something he's not. You may not be gay, but neither are you a dirty old seducer of innocent girls, and if you persist in this madness, sweetie, you're going to be sorry. You're really going to lay an egg." Hunter exploded. "The last girl I was with called me a good egg, and now a *you* tell me I'm going to lay one. Will everybody get out of my life, please?" The fairy had smiled with such sweet sadness, touching Hunter's cheek. Hunter grimaced and gripped the rail. "What's wrong, sweetie?"

I've got a cramp, thank you," said Hunter.

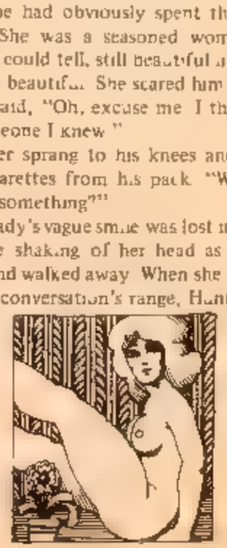
That's guilt you feel," the fairy had replied and vanished.

The sunbrowned blonde was coming back, circling around the clot of volleyball players so that she was on a collision course with Hunter, who was still on his belly. The closer she got the faster his heart beat. And when she stopped a thigh's length distant, his heart stopped too. She bent with her hands on her knees and gazed at him over her shades with big, blue, questioning, mascarraed eyes. Her bikini top packed in its burden with as little success as the bottom did. Hunter noticed in that deep cleavage (between two more crescents of pale flesh) tiny converging lines that, like those at the far corners of her questioning eyes, told a tale of about as many years as he had spent. She had obviously spent them better, though. She was a seasoned woman of the world, he could tell, still beautiful like autumn leaves are beautiful. She scared him shitless.

She said, "Oh, excuse me. I thought you were someone I knew."

Hunter sprang to his knees and fumbled some cigarettes from his pack. "Want a cigarette or something?"

The lady's vague smile was lost in the slow, deliberate shaking of her head as she arose, turned and walked away. When she was out of intimate conversation's range, Hunter wailed,



"I want you." When she was lost among the other flesh on the beach, he got up, rolled his towel into a tight sandy wad and headed back for the house. She caught up with him just over the dunes.

"What was that you said?"

Hunter searched desperately, finding neither his vocabulary nor the mechanism for propelling it.

She gestured toward a small, brown-shingled yellow-shuttered cottage, saying, as smoothly as her gesture, "I live there."

After a stack of rock and folk records had dropped one by one down their skewer onto the turntable and spun out their thing, and after the gin and tonic and small talk was exhausted and after egg salad sandwiches Hunter and Brenda were on the divan, holding hands. They kissed, and Brenda said, "Let's go to the bedroom, okay."

It was a small room with maple veneer walls. By the window there was a three-quarter bed with a view of the Great Mother Atlantic. "Hyman, I don't know if you're super-cool or just shy, but either way I *bet* at least you're interesting," said Brenda, pulling the drawstrings of her bikini. She smiled, and the two pieces fell to the rug, revealing areas of pale flesh where the black cloth had been, a fine brown (not blonde) bush in one, and two egg-yolk-sized brown nipples in the other. "Since my second divorce I've had nothing but phony come-ons, you know, like divorcees have to endure. Oh well, no time for personal problems, huh?"

Like Moses gazing wistfully at the Promised Land, Hunter stared at bountiful Brenda's naked body on the bed, waiting, ready. And like Moses, Hunter knew he wouldn't make it there, for as he shucked his trunks the sharp pain struck, and when he reached the bed's edge he reached it in a heap, doubled and gasping with the cramp in his gut. Brenda gave him soothing words, a vigorous massage, and milk of magnesia, but the pain wouldn't go away until he did. "The egg salad must have been spoiled. It's a wonder I'm not sick, too," were her last words to him.

Bobo Wiseman's house was functional. Every room except the tiny bathroom was a bedroom, even the kitchen, where a cot waited between gas stove and refrigerator. The living room had a large couch which unfolded to accomodate two, three, four or more, depending on how well things were swinging. There were other couches and thick throwrugs on the floor to accommodate sleeping and other horizontal activities. When Hunter returned from Brenda's lovenest with his cramp, the house was still empty. He lay down and fell into a deep sleep of despair. Hunter's one consolation was that he had called in sick at the Welfare Department, where he worked, and now he really was sick. At least that guilt was gone. He wished he had some vacation time left, but that had already been used up the past winter looking for another job in New York City. Hyman Hunter wasn't happy, in case that point hasn't been made yet. When Bobo Wiseman told him the house was his for a week, Bobo neglected to mention that he rented all available sleeping and screwing space from late spring to early fall. This was how he managed to pay for the house, his Porsche Spyder, and his West Village duplex, and was still able to subsist on his income from public school teaching, a gig which left his summers free.

Anybody could rent Bobo's house for a weekend, as long as that person wasn't underage (or over), happily married, or male. Thus Hyman was aroused from his nap at twilight Friday evening by a buzzing beehive of pussy. Through his open bedroom door he saw part of the swarm, some peering out of swimsuits, some pulling into pantygirdles, others looking for a place to light. Countless cunts, bored by five days of dictation in New York offices, looking now for two days and nights of dicking on Fire Island. The two ripe little beauties in Hunter's room, in brassieres and panties, were on their knees pulling a cot from under his bed. He watched with one red eye open while they strained, giggled and fumbled to assemble it. Hunter wasn't unwilling to help them; he was just paralyzed. "Who dropped a butt in my Diet Pepsi?" a shrill soprano yelled from another room and an alto wailed, "Oh *crap*, I left my diaphragm" in unison with another soprano's "Have a beer," followed by something especially sweet sounding. "Where are all the *men*?" Hunter sat up and said "Hi."

"He's awake," the redhead said, moving out of eyeshot in her scanties.

The brunette leaned her elbows on the half-assembled cot and cocked her head at Hunter. She had mean eyes. "Are you Bobo's friend?" she asked, like "Bobo's friend" was a contagious disease.

Hunter nodded and lay back, closing his eyes so the girls could dress, or undress, or whatever, in peace. When he opened his eyes again the mean-eyed brunette was gone. The lovely green-eyed redhead was sitting on the cot in a fresh white miniskirt and smiling.

"Are you here for the weekend?" she asked in a tone that might have been hopeful or just well-mannered curiosity.

Hunter nodded apologetically.

"My name's Helen."

Hunter, Hyman Hunter. I work for the Welfare Department," said our seducer, extending his hand.

They shook hands. They stared a moment at one another and then glanced about for a conversation piece.

"Well, see you later, Hyman," said Helen finally and she left the room. When the house was empty, Hunter got up and left, too.

When he left the crowded little bar that sits on stilts out over the bay, Hyman Hunter was drunk. He hoped he was on the right sidewalk heading oceanward, and tried to recall an expression he had once heard, one which would fit now. It was 2:00 a.m., but lights were still on in many of the cottages along the narrow walkway, and, in some of the most lit-up cottages, much merry hell was being raised. It was the dark cottages, however, that intrigued Hunter, because in those unlit sexnests boys and girls were getting happily, ecstatically lovingly *laid*. The expression Hyman was trying to remember was "carrying the coals to Newcastle," because he had a girl with him and he was taking her to a house already jammed with girls. The absurdity of it all amused Hyman to the point of tears.

"Are you all right, Herbert?" the girl helping to hold him up asked. He had been watching another girl in the bar all night, and when he was drunk enough he had gone over to her and said "Can I buy you a drink?" The girl holding him up now had wrinkled a staggering length of nose, and smiled, and said "Why

thank you," and Hunter had been very surprised not because she was agreeable but because she wasn't the girl he had been watching all night. That girl had been beautiful, and she had left with somebody else. This girl, who said her name was Nancy was not beautiful, and she had left with him. "Sure you're all right, Herbert?" Nancy asked again, and after he vomited, he was. With his limp arm around her neck and her firm hand in his damp armpit they ventured on. Hunter didn't feel much but what he felt was fine. Nancy calling him "Herbert" was fine too, because that was what he'd said his name was, and she remembered it.

A thin, dim crack of light leaked from under one of the closed bedroom doors. Otherwise the house was dark. Herbert and Nancy's bedroom bound, tiptoed around bodies on the living room floor, navigating by the sounds of breathing. The synchronized duets of exceptionally high respiratory rates and softly pounding flesh fired Herbert's and Nancy's imaginations and other organs. Soon they reached his bedroom, entered, softly closed the door, and turned on the light.

Redhaired Helen was sleeping on the cot alone, while on Hunter's bed lay the mean-eyed brunette with her legs spread and a hairy-assed stud between them. Hunter slapped the light off and, stumbling over bodies, dragged his import into the bathroom.

Herbert and Nancy in the bathroom.

Herbert and Nancy sitting in the shower stall sharing a cigarette. The window won't open to let the smoke out or fresh air in, and the toilet has asthma. The shower nozzle drips.

"This is wild," said Nancy, sounding like she meant it. Nancy was short-limbed, medium-trunked, and long-necked. Atop Nancy's neck, like a teed golfball, was Nancy's head, which sprouted short black wiry hair and bore a face that reminded Hunter of a turkey. The eyes were small, round, black, intense, and crowded close to the sides of her noticeable nose. They twinkled with pure guilelessness when she asked, "Are we going to screw here?" Hunter got up and closed the shower curtain.

Nancy sat naked on a pallet of bathmats and towels in the shower stall, supporting her long neck on a Modess box, the back of her head against pink plastic tiles. Nancy had small but fine long-nippled titties and an ass from the mold ordinarily restricted to the casting of Certified Beauties. The knees of her short, shapeless legs were raised high and tapping together with expectancy. Her blending of the beautiful and the bizarre drove Hunter weak with lust. He kissed her knees, her nose and shins, he kissed her toes, an elbow hollow and a nipple. He kissed her ears, her forehead and the other nipple. He kissed her belly button and sniffed her bush. Hunter stood and took his clothes off, hanging rags on the shower handles, and Nancy watched him with the pointed interest of a child at sex-play. Hunter got on his knees and confidently parted Nancy's, maneuvering her left leg through the shower curtain into the bathroom proper, so he'd have more room. He had a serviceable hardon and was mightily pleased with himself when he lowered for the thrust, and his scream shattered dreams and caused coitus interruptus throughout the community, everybody came shocked shitless crowding into the bathroom.

The crowd was growing thin from lost interest when Hunter decided to open his eyes. The young man bending over him asked, "You okay now?" Hunter sat up on the throwrug he had been laid out on in the living room and scanned the strange faces staring ambivalently down at him. He was wrapped in the shower curtain he had pulled down trying to climb.

"Where's Nancy?" he demanded.

"Who's Nancy?" somebody said.

"He must mean the chick who was in the shower with him," somebody said.

"She split," somebody else said.

"Bad trip, man?" someone asked.

"Tell me what happened," said the young man. "I'm an intern."

Hunter sighed and fell back with his eyes closed. "I had a cramp."

"Where?" said the intern.

Hunter thumbed his lower abdomen.

"Describe the way it felt," said the intern.

Hunter described his cramp. When he finished the cramp description, the intern nodded thoughtfully and helped Hunter out to the porch. "Some fresh air ought to fix you up," he said, and left Hunter on the porch, with a blanket over his shower curtain. The crowd went back to whatever they had been doing or not doing.

Back in Hunter's room, the mean-eyed brunette got back in bed, spread her legs, and the young intern resumed his position between them. "Know what I think happened?" the brunette giggled, "He got a good look at that chick he was with." The intern smiled as he hunched. "From his description, I'd say he had labor pains," he diagnosed, and the couple laughed as they screwed. The cot where the redhaired green-eyed girl had been sleeping was empty.

Hyman Hunter had been sitting on the beach for hours, listening to the unending surf, when he noticed in the brief dim glow of false dawn a form, a shape, perhaps a dog or another being, lying on the beach some yards distant. He stared until it blended back into darkness, then turned his attention back to the sea. The agony of that last cramp had been a catharsis, a cleansing pain, and he felt free now, released. He wasn't even horny any more. What a blessing, mused Hunter, what *freedom* to be done with sex. Who knew what heights a man could reach once the dickhead no longer did the body's thinking? He sat happily huddled in his shower curtain and blanket, watching the blue-black eastern horizon out over Great Mother Atlantic grow steadily paler as his spot on Planet Earth turned ineluctably toward the sun. At the first tint of rose in the pale blue, Hunter got up, without decision, and glanced back toward that other presence he had seen on the beach. It had changed position. He went to investigate.

From the contours of the blanket, Hunter could tell it was human, and judging from the red curls blooming at one end like wrapped roses, probably female—though he couldn't yet be positive. "Good morning," Hunter said with rare good cheer.

A delicately formed hand emerged and peeled back part of the blanket, exposing a lovely innocent, emerald-eyed face.

"Helen!" Hunter exclaimed.

She smiled sleepily, and whispered, "Hyman, isn't it?"

"Right, right, Hyman Hunter."

"Who works for the Welfare Department, right?" smiled Helen, sitting up.

"Why are you sleeping out here?" said Hyman, settling down beside her.

"Somebody freaked out in the bathroom last night, so I came here. I thought it was the best way to help. And you?"

"I thought it was the best way to help, too.

Helen was laughing.

"What's funny?"

"I bet you're out here because your bed was occupied. Why didn't you tell them to screw themselves somewhere else?"

"People indulging their lusts aren't very considerate," said Hyman, gazing philosophically out to sea again. The dawn's rose was spreading, growing richer. "Anyway, I found freedom out here tonight, this morning."

Helen scooted closer to get a better look at him. "Freedom to or from?" she asked with total candor.

"Freedom is freedom," said Hyman, shivering in the brisk seabreeze and from the scary implications of freedom. "Hey, are you cold too? We can double up in our blankets and be warmer."

Hyman and Helen, under two blankets, on a shower curtain on the beach, watching the spreading dawn.

"Hyman Hunter, that's a curious name," Helen said, minutes after the steady breeze had blown away their last words. "Tell me, Hunter, is it a hymen you hunt, or is it a human?"

Hyman laughed, though he wasn't amused, having heard such variations of his name before. But then, she hadn't intended it to be funny.

"Or are you just out to get laid?" Helen went on.

"That's a disgusting expression," said Hyman Hunter.

"I agree," Helen replied with conviction. "It conjures visions of a piece of meat laid on a platter or a corpse on a slab. It's so *impersonal*."

They listened to the wind awhile again, and then Helen said softly, "I feel very close to you for some reason. I guess it's just being here on the beach, in the beautiful dawn like this. It's not real, and it's not unreal. It's *surreal*."

Hyman nodded, not quite sure what she meant, or that she really meant anything. She was just a young girl being romantic, he guessed. He'd let her talk on, and he'd keep quiet because he felt like keeping quiet for the time being. That was freedom. He felt close to her, too, but felt no obligation to say so, and that was freedom, too. When she moved closer to him for more warmth, and noticed that he was naked, and neither of them commented, that wasn't only freedom, Hunter thought. That was *license*.

"You know, Hyman, I trust you."

Hunter smiled and nodded.

"Want to know why I came to Fire Island?" "It's my first time," Helen went on. Hunter let her go on. "Well, I'm twenty-two and still a virgin."

Hyman nodded thoughtfully.

Helen took his hand. "So I thought I'd just come here and get laid, like most of the girls do, and get it over with, you know. But now I've realized that Fire Island is like a state of mind, like any permissive place where weak people go to do what they wouldn't do at home. Do you know what I mean?"

Hunter squeezed her hand.

"And you've made me realize, Hyman, that a person should be the same no matter where he or she is. Like you, Hyman. You respect women no matter where you are, you don't take advantage. You believe that sex is much more meaningful than a mere lay, that it's intimate, personal, and permanent. Oh, I get turned on, of course, and 'want to' sometimes, knowing how wonderful intercourse must be, and I've come awfully close a few times, but—"

Hyman slipped a hand between Helen's legs and sped it up to her crotch, which was very warm and moist. He gave her a crushing kiss, thrusting his tongue, like a spear, deep into her mouth. Hyman Hunter had suddenly realized what his problem was with women. He had never really *laid* one. Even here on Fire Island, Brenda and Nancy had taken the initiative when it came to nitty-gritty time, not him. The three women in whom he had actually gotten his pecker inserted had finally, and in desperation, laid *him*. Lena, his first of the three, dragged-out unimaginative affairs, had even undressed him, finally, after months of dry humping, having first unceremoniously writhed out of her own tweedy garments, bawling, 'Gimme some, Hymie, or I'm gonna rape the first man I meet." He had never even *undressed* a girl. No wonder he was getting cramps. It wasn't guilt over wanting what any normal penis with its full complement of balls wants that was doubling him up; it was just the opposite! His tubes were clotted, knotted up. His guts were in convulsion. His masculinity was trying to tear from its womb. Those cramps were *labor pains*. The *man* in Hymen Hunter was straining to be born! About to be delivered. *Freedom*. He tore off Helen's panties.

"Oh, Hyman, not here, not now! Not until we're *sure*!" pleaded Helen.

"This is here, this is now, and this is sure," growled Hunter, referring to the uncompromisingly hard cock to which he was attached, "and I'm going to fuck you."

The virgin whimpered, moaned, and struggled some before she let him pry her legs apart, then she yielded, and was spread. "Oh Hyman, Honey, I want to, I really want you, but if we do it here, now, please tell me, will you still love me?"

"*Shut up*!" hissed Hunter.

"Okay, Hyman, Honey, Sweetheart, my Love. *I trust you*."

The rigid single-minded penis plunged for its first cherry.

"OH!" yelled Helen.

"FFFFFFFFFFFFFTTT!" went Hunter, sucking wind through gnashed teeth, "FFFffffff!" and he somersaulted over her, became a smoldering ball of naked agony rolling in the sand, clutching, grasping, sucking, blowing, heaving, leaping, and finally, squatting. "HHHHHHGGHHH, UHHH, UH, UHGH!" groaned Hyman, his sphincter splitting, and then *plop*.

The sun's upper hemisphere had risen from the sea, shining pure red light on Hyman Hunter and what had come to pass.

It was an egg.

The egg said, "Now that you've laid me on Fire Island, I don't guess you'll want to see me again."

THE MYSTERY OF JØRGEN BOBERG

Jørgen Boberg, born as a artist
and
[illegible]

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF TERESA

TERESA'S DREAM OF CONCEPTION

TERESA'S DREAM OF THE WARMONGER

RESA'S DREAM F THE TEMP L

GAEA'S DREAM OF EARTH

THE ERF

TERESA ON THE WAY
TERESA BEHIND CRYSTAL
TERESA IN THE EGG
TERESA FULFILLED

THE SECOND MOST HATED JOHNSON IN AMERICA

BY WARREN BOROSON

If the battered and bleeding body of [illegible] Johnson is ever found floating down the Potomac River police in our nation's capital will have to spend the rest of their lives just interviewing all the possible suspects. For Nicholas Johnson is easily one of the most unpopular men in America. His Nielsen rating is practically zero. Mr. Johnson is hated by the men who run the country's 7600 radio and TV stations, despised by the men who run the three networks, reviled by the editors and publishers of broadcasting magazines, detested by newspaper publishers, and abominated by AT&T and ITT. There's even evidence that a few of his fellow FCC commissioners balefully regard him as some sort of combination of Savonarola and Judas Iscariot.

This is, when you stop and think about it, quite an accomplishment. Why, hardly a hundred people in America even *know the names* of the other six FCC commissioners, let alone have any feelings toward them one way or another. The *New York Times* has just put out a 1368-page thirty-pound *Encyclopedia Americana*, and while it records the names of Snorri Sturleson [illegible] 1780 and Lucius Maximilianus Sergius Catilina for the Carolina Parakeet and Return J. Meigs Jr. (Postmaster General under James Madison), it nowhere lists the names of the FCC commissioners. I presume that the *New York Times* was unable to find out who they are.

What has made Nicholas Johnson so notorious is that he happens to believe (God knows why) that the government regulatory agencies which were set up to guard the public interest *should* guard the public interest. Everybody *knows* that the regulatory agencies shill for the industries they're supposed to supervise. The Interstate Commerce Commission shills for the big railroads, the Civil Aeronautics Board shills for the big airlines, state insurance companies shill for the big insurance companies, and the Federal Communications Commission shills for the big radio and TV broadcasters as well as for American Telephone and Telegraph. The public interest? Goodness gracious, if John Q. Public ever dropped in on one of these agencies he would be greeted with the same mixture of incredulity and horror as Dr. Doolittle's Push-Me-Pull-You.

For instance.

Some years back, leaders of the black community in Jackson, Mississippi, along with representatives of the United Church of Christ got in touch with the FCC and asked that the license of their local station, WLBT, Lamar Life Broadcasting, not be renewed. They charged that the station wouldn't hire blacks and promulgated segregationist views without letting the other side be heard. So what did the FCC do? To quote Commissioner Johnson, the FCC "tended to regard these public intruders as some sort of unfamiliar pestilence to be scourged from its corridors," and told them to hit the road. Lamar powder 23 skidoo and renewed WLBT's license for a year. The District of Columbia Court of Appeals (which is one of the best courts in the country until Nixon appointed Watergate Roger Robb to it) subsequently told the FCC (1) that the visitors were people, (2) that people own the broadcasting channels, and (3) that people have a right to be heard on the subject of how their property is being managed. Obediently, the FCC gave the visitors a hearing, then approved WLBT's license for *three* years. The case didn't end there. Last year the Court of Appeals ordered—*ordered*—the FCC to take away WLBT's license.

As a matter of cynical fact, the FCC is widely acknowledged to be the very worst of all the federal regulatory agencies and around Washington the commissioners are often referred to as the Somewhat Less-than-Magnificent Seven. After all, it is the FCC—more than Frank Stanton of CBS, more than J. B. Goodman of NBC, more than Leonard Goldenson of ABC—that is responsible for turning what could have been a magnificent institution of culture and enlightenment into a lawdry house of prostitution.

Congress set up the FCC in 1934, and because usable radio and TV frequencies are limited, empowered it to dole out licenses. The licenses were meant to be temporary. Every so often (now, it's every three years) the licensees must apply for renewals, and their applications are to be rejected unless their stations have served "the public interest, convenience, and necessity." As the District of Columbia Court of Appeals has put it, radio and TV stations must "run on their record."

In other words: We the People are the landlord, the FCC is our leasing agent, and the radio and TV stations are our tenants. We rent out our flats for practically *bubkas*, even though it's a seller's market and we pay our agents fifty salaries ($38 grand a year—didn't know you were so generous, did you?). But we insist that our tenants throw their garbage down the incinerator and put flowerpots on the windowsills. If instead, a tenant holds wild, raucous parties, or insists on throwing his garbage out the [illegible] we will [illegible] his three-year lease or evict him beforehand.

Now let's see how our agents, the FCC, have discharged their job of making sure that we get the best possible tenants in our apartment house.

Since its founding, the FCC has renewed virtually everybody's license automatically—as someone has remarked, it's like getting your library card renewed. The going rate is over 99 percent. In fact, *not* to get your license renewed you almost have to be an incompetent, crooked, Communistic monopolistic pervert. The FCC has never denied a license or failed to renew a license because of a station's actual or intended programming. Never! It used to be said that a station could always get its license approved so long as it didn't play "The Old Gray Mare. She Ain't What She Used To Be" all the time, but from the record it seems that if a station played "The Old Gray Mare. She Ain't What She Used To Be" all day long, the FCC might give it an award for Excellence in Programming. After all, the FCC has approved the license of a station that broadcast 33 minutes of commercials every hour (WESR-FM in Easley, Virginia), it has approved an application for a license transfer from a station that solemnly swore it would broadcast absolutely no news programs and no public-affairs programs (WMOE in Greensboro, N.C.), it renewed for six months the license of a station that defrauded advertisers out of $6000 even though the station was *on probation* for similar of-

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fenses (Star Stations of Indiana, Inc., WIFE)*, and, in 11 different cases, it has given the only TV station in town to people who own the only newspaper in town. *This* is how the FCC makes sure that the tenants in our apartment house serve "the public interest, convenience and necessity."

Never have so many owed so little to so few.

But hold on a minute. Don't get the utterly ridiculous idea that the FCC *never* punishes anybody. Why, just last January the FCC swept down and put the fear of God into a bunch of wicked broadcasters. The culprits? It was a noncommercial station: a radio station supported entirely by its listeners, not by advertisers.

The horrifying facts: In August of 1967 KRAB-FM in Seattle was broadcasting the 30-hour autobiography of the Rev. Paul Sawyer (whoever the hell *he* is), and early in the morning Mr. Sawyer some of whose comments had not been pre-screened emitted three little dirty words. He was quickly cut off the air.

Now, the FCC never got a transcript of Mr. Sawyer's remarks. All it ever got was one lousy letter of complaint. Yet the FCC refused to grant KRAB a three-year renewal of its license, and gave it a piddling one-year renewal instead. Most of the FCCommissioners, you see, become apoplectic with rage when a radio or TV station uses a four-letter word although curiously enough, these same commissioners don't seem to care about the general shit, piss, and corruption that constitutes everyday radio and TV fare.

At this point, it should be observed that the FCC does *not* consist, as has been alleged, of Snow White and the six dwarfs. In addition to Nick Johnson, there's another commissioner dedicated to doing his duty: Kenneth A. Cox. But along with this marvelous piece of news I must give you some bad news. Commissioner Cox is leaving the FCC on June 30 of this year when his term expires. We can trust Richard Nixon to replace him with someone who has the unerring sense of ethics of Clement Haynsworth, the keen mind and glowing reputation of G. Harrold Carswell.

Anyway, Nick Johnson dissented in the Seattle case, pointing out that KRAB-FM "devotes over 95% of its broadcast day to the performing arts, public affairs, news, and general educational broadcasting." (It was unfortunate that he left the impression that KRAB-FM devotes the remaining 5 percent of the time to dirty words.)

Commissioner Cox pointed out in his dissent how arbitrary the majority decision was: the FCC was picking on poor KRAB-FM but avoiding a confrontation with the station's big brothers. "We have received," he wrote, "far more complaints about matters in the Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour and the Rowan and Martin Laugh-In. They did not involve four-letter words, but did deal with language or video matter which certain members of the public deemed obscene, indecent, or profane. But I do not recall that we ever directed an inquiry at CBS or NBC. I do not think the government of the United States should ignore complaints against rich and powerful broadcasters and pick only on small noncommercial broadcasters."

Yet that is precisely what the FCC does. Take the case of WPIX-TV in New York: a station owned by the powerful *Chicago Tribune*. WPIX-TV is sort of an old folks' home for network shows, and its lineup includes reruns, rereruns, and rerereruns of *Star Trek*, *Batman*, *Felony Squad*, *Perry Mason*, the *Addams Family*, and the *Patty Duke Show*. It is, in short, a pretty crummy station. And that's not all. Last year, it came to light that WPIX-TV had shown old film clips on its news program and had implied that they were new clips.

Also last year, a group of people (Forum Communications) made it known that they were going to ask the FCC to give WPIX-TV's license to *them*. The group included businessmen, community leaders, and show-biz personalities (including Harry Belafonte). The result was that the FCC staff renewed WPIX's license *10 days before it expired*—something almost unheard of. What's more, by the most extraordinary of coincidences, the FCC staff renewed WPIX's license *on the same day* that Forum Communications put in its bid! The FCCommissioners hadn't even known what was happening, and when they found out—and realized that a smelly scandal was in the offing—they hastily undid their own staff's decision. Right now the whole thing is up in the air, but betting men are offering 10,000-to-1 that eventually it'd come down in the territory of the *Chicago Tribune*. (Insiders say that the FCC staff was given its marching orders by the late Everett Dirksen of Illinois.)

Were I to continue listing the derelictions and defalcations of the FCC, I would need the next four issues of this magazine, so let it suffice that the FCC was responsible for the ultra-high-frequency channels (14 through 80, remaining unused for so many years (*Fortune* magazine called it "the engineering botch of the century"), it is partly responsible for the death of a fourth network, Dumont (see Louis M. Kohlmeier's *The Regulators*, Harper & Row, 1969), for over 20 years it sat on pay-TV and, for cable TV, Commissioner Johnson says that "our policy" was to discourage the growth of cable television until the large broadcasters owned it." The late James M. Landis, a law professor, reported to President Kennedy in 1960 that the FCC "presents a somewhat extraordinary spectacle. The commission has drifted, vacillated and stalled in almost every major area. It seems incapable of policy planning, of disposing within a reasonable period of time the business before it, of fashioning procedures that are effective to deal with its problems." TV newsman Robert MacNeil, in *The People Machine* (Harper & Row, 1969) put it more succinctly: he just called the FCC "a pathetic organization." And a man who really should know, Nicholas Johnson, has said that "The FCC has demonstrated over the years its utter contempt for the interests of any save the broadcasters themselves. Indeed, the commission's performance is so shocking that many would argue [among them that the agency is not even performing as an effective handmaiden of the industry."

To be perfectly fair, the FCC *has* done some good. After Vice-President Spiro (the Geek*) Agnew blasted TV newsmen for not being nicer to Nixon, the FCC gave the newsmen its imprimatur. The FCC also set aside 5 percent of the country's stations for educational television. It has required stations that broadcast cigarette commercials to give a little time to the opposition (although it hasn't tried to enforce its own ruling). It has reduced duplications of programming by AM and FM stations. It recently approved a one-to-a-market rule—no company can gain control of a radio station and a TV station in the same area. Occasionally, it has even gotten AT&T to roll back its skyrocketing prices. And once in a blue moon the FCC has even stuck up for a noncommercial station.

But being kind to cats and dogs does not absolve the FCC of murder—the FCC has failed to fulfill its job of making sure that the nation's broadcasters serve the public interest, convenience, and necessity. Indeed, what with incessant commercials and endless situation comedies and shoot-'em-ups, it seems that the broadcasters are really serving the public anti-interest, inconvenience, and frivolity.

Yet all the FCC has to do is accept the recommendation of Commissioners Cox and Johnson. If a station doesn't devote 5 percent of its time to news and 1 percent to public affairs, or a total of 5 percent to public affairs, it's got to have a nifty excuse. A station on the air 18 hours a day would have to devote less than an hour each day to news, less than 11 minutes a day to public affairs. It's that simple. And the result would be that the citizens of our democracy would be far better informed in making the vital decisions they are called upon to make—and television would finally start fulfilling its obligations. But, as Commissioner Johnson sadly told me, "We haven't gotten one other commissioner to agree with us."

* * *

Now that the prosecution has rested, it's time for the defense to get in its licks. And the defense's line is that the FCC is just a poor deprived orphan that has always been exposed to unsavory influences.

Congress exerts enormous pressure on the FCC. While the President nominates the seven FCCommissioners (four of one party, three of the other) to their seven-year terms and appoints the chairman, the Senate must approve his nominees. Congress also controls the [illegible] wants to. For instance, in 1964 the FCC decided to have a go at limiting the length of commercials. FCC Chairman E. William Henry (a good guy) had in mind adopting the voluntary guidelines of the National Association of Broadcasters itself: a limit of 18 minutes an hour for radio, 16 minutes an hour for TV. But the broadcasters didn't like the idea, so they pulled the strings on their puppets and the House voted 317 to 43 to bar the FCC from ever regulating commercials.

Jack Gould of the *New York Times* TV man has written that "it is Congress, especially the House of Representatives, that makes certain the commission is allowed to put its foot down only if it does not touch the floor." Lots of Congressmen, you see, own radio and TV stock. "Over two dozen members of Congress," Lou Kohlmeier writes, "are known to have personal interests in broadcasting properties, in their own names or the names of members of their immediate families. No other companies in industries that are regulated by the federal government seem to have offered such attractive investment possibilities to members of Congress..." The FCC has even admitted publicly that it favors applicants for licenses who happen to be politicians "because they're 'public leaders'"!

Not only that, but Congressmen are always eager to placate their local radio and TV stations. A Congressman in good with his local stations will have his every grunt and burp assiduously reported to his constituents. Former FCC Chairman Newton Minow has written in *Equal Time* (Atheneum, 1964):

> **A congressman is under terrific pressure from his local broadcaster. Chances are that the broadcaster "gives" him some time on the air for a program to report to his constituents. The broadcaster may or may not support his campaign for re-election, and the broadcaster may own the local newspaper as well—and if this is the case there is probably not another constituent in his district who means more to the congressman...**
>
> **Under the circumstances the congressman is generally bound to heed the broadcaster's urging—and the message is transmitted loud and clear to the FCC through the Congress. When I was Chairman I heard from the Congress about as frequently as television commercials flash across the television screen.**

And Nick Johnson has stated: "The broadcasting industry dominates Congress—the AFL-CIO, the AMA, the Chamber of Commerce and General Motors are turned into pygmies by comparison with the broadcasting industry. The ownership of TV stations by Congressmen is overemphasized and is less important than the fact that many Congressmen's political fortunes rest with the man who owns the TV station in his community."

As a result, to quote Stan Opotowsky (*The Big Picture*, E. P. Dutton, 1961), "there is scarcely a representative or senator who hasn't written the FCC a formal letter interceding for one facility or another in a competition for a channel." (When Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.) proposed a law barring the FCC from considering "as a factor favoring the grant of a broadcast license the presence of members of Congress among a station's officers, directors or stockholders," his efforts came to nought when it was revealed that on two occasions when the FCC was doling out licenses in Wisconsin, Senator Proxmire himself had intervened.) Even the FCC staff personnel admit that the FCC is a Congressman's most obedient servant. Kohlmeier quotes "a highly placed FCC staff member" as saying of big broadcaster and Senator Warren Magnuson (D., Wyo.), "Magnuson's word is almost law to the commissioners. They bow and scrape for him. He doesn't have to ask for anything. The commission does what it thinks he wants it to do." Another FCC aide told Kohlmeier: "We now have before us a matter concerning a television station in the East. I've been informed that one of the Senators in whose state the station is located is interested in the matter. He's a member of the Commerce Committee and that's all I need to know."

The latest bouquet that Congress is throwing to the broadcasters is the Pastore Bill, sponsored by Democrat John O. Pastore of Rhode Island ("I'm not the broadcasters' patsy!") chairman of the Senate's Communications Subcommittee. Last year, you see the FCC took away the license of a Boston TV station, WHDH (owned by the Boston *Herald-Traveler*), and gave it to a group of businessmen and professors. "For the first time in the FCC's history," Nicholas Johnson pointed out, "it took seriously the documented claims of a group of local citizens who maintained they could do a better job of operating a television station in the 'public interest.'" *Broadcasting* magazine, the villainous trade-journal of the radio-TV industry, called the decision "freakish," and it was. The commission had voted three (Johnson, Robert T. Bartley, James J. Wadsworth) to one (Robert E. Lee) to take away the license, with one commissioner abstaining (Rosel Hyde), one not participating (Cox), and one absent (H. Rex Lee). Shh., the decision struck fear and trembling in the pocketbooks of the nation's broadcasters.

And so John Pastore ("I'm not the broadcasters' patsy!") rode up to the rescue. His bill, which, as it happens, is co-sponsored by Senator Vance Hartke, would end virtually all competition over a station's license. No one could ask the FCC for someone else's license unless the licensee had *already* been found guilty of doing a lousy job. But before the Pastore bill could be acted upon, the FCC, with a full complement of seven members, beat a hasty retreat. It approved a statement promising never to take away the license of a station that was doing a "substantial" job—even if a competitor could do a *superb* job. Commissioner Johnson bless him dissented, but even Cox and Bartley went along (Wadsworth had left).

So, it is not only Congress that bullies the FCC around. Presidents do their bit, too. After the Boston massacre, in fact, President Nixon hastily appointed two pro-industry men to the FCC: Dean Burch and Robert Wells, both of whom are horrified by the WHDH case and both of whom favor the Pastore Bill. Nixon, of course, was not the first President to intervene on the side of the broadcasting industry. President Johnson, whose wife was terribly "lucky" and made millions in broadcasting

*The [illegible] Spiro Agnew [illegible] Wife [illegible] Agnew [illegible] Wife [illegible] Agnew [illegible] Wife [illegible]

while her husband was an important Senator, once told former FCC Chairman E. William Henry, "Bill, I want you to lay off that 'vast wasteland' stuff." (*Saturday Review*, May 7, 1966) Henry, incidentally, left the FCC soon after, and LBJ named an incumbent Republican Hyde, as chairman. To replace Henry, LBJ made what was perhaps his second-greatest mistake while in office. He appointed a young man named Nicholas Johnson.

* * *

To continue with the defense. Another thing going against the FCC is the fact that most commissioners are eager to be reappointed. It is, after all, a nice, cushy job. And to be reappointed, you've got to avoid offending anybody powerful—a Congressman, a big broadcaster, the President, AT&T. An incident cited former commissioner once told Washington reporter Elizabeth Brenner Drew (*Atlantic*, July 1967) about this pressure. "It works subtly, silently, like the water on a stone. If you want to be reappointed you do not want to earn the enmity of AT&T, a network, a multiple-station owner. These are really the insidious pressures." When I asked Nicholas Johnson whether there was a chance that he would be reappointed in 1973, he exploded, "Preposterous! Even if a Democrat is elected President in 1972." In fact, *Broadcasting* magazine just ran an item quoting Johnson as saying he didn't expect to be reappointed, and headlined it "Surprise, Surprise."

Even better than reappointment to the FCC is to be offered a job in the broadcasting industry—it pays more. And to be offered such a job—why, you have to pay Mr. Wonderful to your future employers. Nader's Raiders found that 75 percent of all ex-FCCommissioners went into the industry they once regulated. The Raiders call it, rather neatly, I think, The Delayed Bribe. And if you include ex-FCCommissioners working for law firms that represent broadcasters, the figure leaps to 90 percent.

And that brings us to the Tragical History of Newton Minow. As FCC Chairman, Minow did a bang-up job. He made stirring speeches, he took away lots of licenses (more in his first year of office than the sum total the FCC had taken away since 1934), he began developing the ultra-high-frequency channels, he urged broadcasters to run editorials. True, he left after only two years of his seven-year term, but perhaps he was discouraged because he usually found himself voting with the minority. But nowadays Mr. Minow does legal work for AT&T occasionally, he does work for an ad agency that owns some cable-TV stations, and he even represents the CBS station in Chicago (not long ago, for CBS, Minow argued *against* the FCC's "Fairness Doctrine"—[you've got to give the other side its licks]). And as his final gesture of contempt for the commission he once headed, Minow put in a good word for Dean Burch as chairman.

The FCC has other handicaps. The commissioners often meet broadcasters but rarely meet members of the public—they don't try to. Until a few years ago, the commissioners even attended National Association of Broadcasters conventions at the broadcasters' expense; they still go, but at the FCC's expense now. One former chairman, John C. Doerfer, defended these excursions, alleging that he went just to learn the broadcasters' problems. When a Congressman asked him, "Where do you go to learn the problems of the public?", Doerfer had no reply. (Nick Johnson of course doesn't figure in any of this. He's the only commissioner never *invited* to broadcasters' conventions.) Just how cozy commissioners and broadcasters can become was revealed a few years ago when somebody discovered that Chairman Doerfer was living it up aboard a broadcaster's yacht at about the time another commissioner, Richard Mack, was being indicted for accepting loans from applicants for a TV license.

There's also no denying that the FCC is understaffed and under-budgeted, that it's too bulky, and has at least three members too many, that its activities are not covered adequately by the mass media, and most important, that appointees to the FCC tend to be a pretty scurvy lot.

A banker once said, of the federal banking regulators, that he wanted "a blob in every job." Had that banker been a broadcaster, his wish would almost have been fulfilled, for the FCC is where you find the flopsam from the wreckage of political careers. Mrs. Drew calls the FCC the "dumping-grounds for burned-out politicians or difficult characters who must be given a job." Kohlmeier says, of regulators in general, that they are "appointed wholly because of their political credentials and need of jobs." You may not believe this, but one man even went to the FCC because somebody had mistakenly typed "FCC" instead of "FPC"—the Federal Power Commission.

The commissioners today are:

Dean Burch, chairman, Republican. Nixon appointee. He's 41 but looks older. A lawyer from Tucson, he was Barry Goldwater's administrative assistant in the 1950s. Named Republican National Chairman in 1964, but moderates replaced him with someone else the following year. During the 1964 Presidential campaign, he furiously complained to the TV networks about their coverage of candidate Goldwater, but says today, "I don't want to get even with anybody."

Indeed Burch has let the broadcasting industry know that, while he called the Geek's attacks "provocative" and "thoughtful," he's really in their hip pocket. He isn't especially interested in breaking up multiple media combinations. He doesn't cotton to the idea of taking away a station's license if it's doing a passable job: "It shouldn't have to worry about whether it's going to be in business next year." Possibly in reference to pay-TV and cable TV, he's said he won't preside over the destruction of the broadcasting industry. (Who kept movies from killing vaudeville? Who kept TV from hurting movies? Who will keep cassette tape recorders from murdering the phonograph-record business?, Burch says he's sick and tired of hearing television criticized all the time and "I am not impressed with the idea that the FCC is better able to handle programming than somebody whose job it is." (By the same token the Food and Drug Administration doesn't know anything about drug safety, and should have let the drug companies market thalidomide all over the place.) Burch also says he doesn't think the FCC "can say what everybody in the United States is going to watch at 6 o'clock every night." (No one has suggested such a thing.) Finally, he's scared silly about the possibility that films like "I Am Curious (Yellow)" will appear on the boobtube, and has suggested that such films be censored. He is the first commissioner in history to thus endorse some kind of television censorship.

But the new chairman's real fetish is four-letter words. He was barely appointed when he announced his intention of keeping dirty words off the airwaves. Oh no, he hastened to add, it wasn't a problem *now*, but he was going to make sure that it isn't a problem in the future. Nick Johnson promptly called Burch's obscenity crusade a "red herring." He was wrong. It's a *blue* herring.

The English language has several words for people monomaniacal about erotic literature ("smut-hunter," "blue-nose"), but alas, there are no words to designate someone like Dean Burch whose pet *bête noir* is four-letter words. "Four-letter man" is all right, even better is "privy counselor."

Now, the sordid, slimy mess that Privy Counselor Burch intends to clean up is typified by the following. Recently, a network broadcast the film *Two for the Road*, starring Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. The film ends decisively, with Audrey calling Albert a "bastard," Albert calling Audrey a "bitch." On TV the film ended bafflingly, with Audrey calling Albert nothing, Albert calling Audrey nothing. A few years earlier, TV put on the musical *Brigadoon*, which features a song called "My Mother's Wedding Day" and contains these words:

> It was a sight beyond compare,
> I ought to know for I was there

On the idiot box, the words were changed to:

> Until today the folks declare
> It was a mess beyond compare

And then there was the time TV put on Cole Porter's *Anything Goes* and somebody who must have been certifiably insane took the lines:

> Good authors too who once knew better words
> Now only use four-letter words
> Writing prose

and made it:

> Good authors too who once knew better words
> Now only use three-letter [*] words
> Writing prose

Obviously, the FCC's cowardly contemptible action against that poor noncommercial station in Seattle was Dean Burch's handiwork, as was the recent fining of WHCY-FM in Philadelphia. And just as obviously, with Burch as chairman, the FCC is in for seven very, very lean years.

Robert Wells, Republican. Nixon appointee. Age 50. Former station manager and part owner of radio stations in and around Kansas (none of which, he told the Senate recently, employ minorities). According to Richard Kohlmeier, the only rule about people appointed to regulatory agencies, "which is unwritten but almost never violated, seems to be that a President may not nominate a regulator from the ranks of the industry to be regulated." Wells is one of the exceptions, and in him we have the sobering spectacle of a defendant serving on the jury. Recently Wells even opposed *holding a hearing* on the TV-license renewal of a Wyoming broadcaster who owns Cheyenne's only TV station, only full-time AM radio station, one of the two FM stations, and the only cable-TV franchise, and whose associates control Cheyenne's only newspaper. The good thing about Wells is that you'll never be in doubt about how he'll vote. His opinions will always be commonplace opinions.*

Robert E. Lee, Republican. Eisenhower appointee. Age 58. Named to the FCC because of his friendship with Senator McCarthy (the bad McCarthy). Studied accounting, went to the FBI (where he investigated bank embezzlements and became J. Edgar's administrative assistant), then to the House Appropriations Committee (where he conducted security investigations of government employees). Accused of giving coded information to Senator McCarthy, denied it but never turned his back on the Senator ("a great guy," Lee called him). Once associated with H.L. Hunt's extremely Right Wing radio program Facts Forum, which Lee considered "very fair."

Lee has been quoted as saying, "I don't believe in government regulation"—which is tantamount to a teacher saying, "I don't believe in education." He usually votes to renew every station's license (including WIFE, which rooked advertisers out of $6000) but made an exception for little old KRAB-FM. Dirty words you see, offend him greatly, and not long ago observing some hanky-panky on the *Johnny Carson Show*, he phoned an NBC vice-president to complain. Still Lee has worked hard to develop the ultra-high-frequency channels, he's promised to reconsider his long-held view that because the FCC is barred from censoring television, it can't upgrade television programming—the Supreme Court has ruled that the FCC *can* upgrade programming—, and he was the only FCCommissioner to tell me which TV programs he liked and which he disliked—something that excuses quite a lot.*

H. Rex Lee, Democrat. Johnson appointee. Age 54. An agricultural economist, he has served as deputy commissioner of the Bureau for Indian Affairs and as Governor of Samoa and in the latter office he did a whiz-bang job in developing educational television. A fairly recent FCCommissioner, he's been called "unpredictable." He voted to renew WIFE's license, for instance, but also voted for the one-to-a-market rule.

Robert Taylor Bartley, Democrat. Truman appointee. Age 61. Nephew of former House Speaker Sam Rayburn. Former radio-station manager, former FCC employee, former employee of the National Association of Broadcasters. Doesn't think the FCC should pay much attention to a station's programming ("My personal feeling is that the least regulation, the better"), but is firmly opposed to media concentration. Voted to take away the license of WHDH in Boston, to take away WIFE's license, to block the merger between the ABC Network and International Telephone and Telegraph. Commissioner Johnson has written of Bartley's "deep and earthy wisdom."

Kenneth A. Cox, Democrat. Kennedy appointee. Age 54. Former law professor, former head of the FCC's Broadcast Bureau (under Minow). He's been called "the only scholar on the FCC" and "a commissioner's commissioner." Voted against WIFE, against the ABC/ITT merger, for the one-to-a-market rule. Throughout the broadcasting industry, Johnson and Cox are known as the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea.

Nicholas Johnson. Democrat. Lyndon Johnson (no relation) appointee. Born in Iowa City, Iowa, September 23, 1934, the only son of Wendell A.L. and Edna (Bockwoldt) Johnson. His father was a speech teacher at the University of Iowa and the author of two classic books on semantics, *People in Quandaries* and *Your Most Enchanted Listener*.

As a boy, Johnson built his own crystal-set receivers and wired his neighborhood to receive telegraph signals. He attended University High School in Iowa City, then—because of a sinus condition—went to college in Texas, the University of Texas in Austin. At 18, he married the former Karen Mary Chapman, a fellow student and also a hometown girl. (They have three kids now, Jake, Sherman, and Gregory, and live in Maryland.) Johnson graduated in 1956 and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Next was the University of Texas Law School, where he became articles editor of the law review and graduated with honors. According to Ralph W. Yarborough, the liberal Texas Senator, "He was called the 'shirt-sleeve student' because he was working so hard."

After that, Johnson clerked for Supreme Court Justice Hugo L. Black ("my idol"), for a year, then taught at the University of California Law School in Berkeley. In 1963 he joined the prestigious law firm of Covington and Burling in Washington (Dean Acheson was there then), and his practice involved him with various federal regulatory agencies, the FCC among them. In December 1964 LBJ appointed him Maritime Administrator at 29; Nicholas Johnson was the youngest ever.

As Maritime Administrator young Johnson quickly became recognizable as the Nicholas Johnson, Scourge of Wrongdoers, that we all know. Even then, for some strange reason, he believed that he was supposed to represent the public interest. Thus, instead of just giving the shipbuilders bigger and better subsidies, John-

*In response to my query, "Which are your favorite TV programs and which are your least favorite?" only one FCCommissioner responded, Robert E. Lee wrote back: "I find myself viewing the movies more than the regular entertainment fare, plus occasional shows such as *Sesame Street*, *Forsyte Saga*, *Johnny Carson*. The game shows leave me cold."

son called for more automation and more competition. He called for the construction of new types of ships, like the Hydrofoil and the Hovercraft. He wanted to discontinue subsidies for passenger ships. He even wanted U.S. merchantmen built abroad to keep costs down. Naturally, the shipbuilders and the maritime unions began shrieking bloody murder, and naturally, Johnson, like Jonah, was thrown overboard. Not knowing what else to do with him, LBJ appointed him to the FCC, and rumor hath it that he was told that if he started behaving himself, the chairmanship would eventually be his.

Johnson never made FCC chairman, but without question he has been the best FCCommissioner in history. His broadcasting philosophy is neat and simple. To best serve the public, the FCC should lease radio and TV frequencies only to those broadcasters who will provide the best possible programming (fewest commercials, most public affairs programs, etc.)—preferably local people, preferably people who aren't linked to big communications media or big corporations. Yet he is foursquare against censorship. "Even had I the power to do so," he has written, "I would be disinclined to impose my personal standards of taste upon millions of American listeners and viewers. Governmental previewing of all commercial radio and television shows, or the prescribing of their program formats, is quite wisely out of the question under our American system." What's more, should there ever come a time when he feels the FCC is "granting or withholding access to broadcasting licenses based upon the political, economic, or social ideology of the licensee (or the content of his programming), I would help lead the broadcasters' parade of protest." Commissioner Johnson doesn't even think the FCC should take away a license if a station runs programs showing unnecessary violence, nor does he "believe the FCC should take action against stations which show movies that large segments of the population find objectionable" movies that have been cleared by the courts for showing in theaters." Like the Geek, he believes that "a handful of men control what the American people see of the world through their television screens," but to Johnson "the answer is not to transfer this power from a handful of men in New York to a handful of men in the White House."

On the FCC, Johnson has consistently voted in the public interest, which explains why he has dissented so often. His record is about 100 percent (compared with Cox's 90 percent, Bartley's 50 percent, H. Rex Lee's 50 percent, and the others' 0 to 10 percent). He's also originated or espoused a number of marvelous ideas on how to improve broadcasting, among them:

- the aforementioned rule that stations devote a certain percentage of their time to public affairs programs. Also: "We could require that a given proportion of gross income be invested in programming. We could require that, for some programs, there be no commercial interruptions. We could set standards on the size of the news staff or news budget as a proportion of gross income."
- the appointment of someone to argue the public interest in cases before the FCC, a "special consumers' representative."
- more public participation in television. He's mentioned that, in Holland, any group that gets 15,000 people to support its proposed programming gets free time on the air.
- a requirement that the three networks, in alternation, devote one prime-time hour each evening to a public-affairs program. This would cut into their profits equally, and provide the public, as he's said, with two channels for trash and one for something better.
- the gift of $500,000,000 to the Public Broadcasting Corporation, instead of the chickenfeed $5,000,000 that Nixon has proposed.
- the establishment of a "citizens' committee for broadcasting," privately financed, that "should investigate and report the impact of radio and television entertainment programming, should criticize what the broadcasting establishment is doing, and should make its views known to the American people."
- a rule that a network's local affiliate must devote a certain percentage of prime time to its own programming.
- having the FCC appoint a lawyer for groups that want to contest a license renewal.
- really informing the public about FCC activities, especially at license-renewal time, for example, by buying full-page newspaper ads and making announcements on radio and TV when a license is up for renewal. He's also suggested that the FCC contact various local organizations—the League of Women Voters, the Chamber of Commerce—to find whether a particular station is doing a good job.

While tackling the big issues, Johnson has not neglected the FCC's day-to-day activities. It was Johnson who sparked the attack on the proposed ABC-ITT merger (although the FCC approved it, ITT quashed the deal when the Justice Department began nosing around). It was Johnson who, along with Commissioner Cox, made pioneering, painstaking studies of the programming of stations in the Oklahoma area, the Washington, D.C., area and the New York area (in the last, they singled out WCBS-TV for special praise, and said they'd like to take away WABC-TV's license). And it was Johnson who helped carry the ball when the FCC turned down WHDH in Boston, when it acted the one-to-a-market rule, and when it began pressing forward with pay TV and cable TV.

Finally, Nick Johnson has brought needed attention to the FCC by his policy statements and dissents, his public speeches, his magazine articles, and now by a book entitled *How to Talk Back To Your Television Set* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1970). Here are some examples of his breezy and sometimes bitter remarks:

What do we learn from television?... We learn that the single measure of happiness and personal satisfaction is consumption—conspicuous when possible. Few characters in televisionland seem to derive much pleasure from the use of finely developed skills in the pursuit of excellence or from service to others. "Success" comes from the purchase of a product—a mouthwash or a deodorant, say—not from years of vigorous study and training. How do you resolve conflicts? By force, by violence, by destroying "the enemy." ... What is to be derived from a relationship between man and woman? The self-gratification of sexual intercourse and little else—whatever the marital bonds may or may not be. What do you do when life throws other than roses in your hedonistic path? You get "fast fast fast" relief from a pill—a headache remedy, a stomach settler, a tranquilizer, a pep pill, or "the pill." You smoke a cigarette, have a drink. You get a divorce or run away from home. Or you "chew your little troubles away." But try to "work at" a solution, assume part of the fault lies with yourself, or attempt to improve your capacity to deal with life's problems? Never.

... the occasions broadcasters choose to protest government action leave one with the uncomfortable feeling that they are more concerned with profitable speech than with free speech.

... the generalization seems safe: the television industry seeks to maximize audience (and thus profits) in virtually every time segment available to it. It is as if every major book publisher bid only for the "Peyton Place" market.

It is my suspicion that a commercial's effectiveness depends in substantial part upon the lack of quality of the program in which it is placed. For the same reason that raisins are more distinctive in cereal than in fruitcake... Can the television viewer be truly responsive to the blandishments of underarm deodorants or mouthwashes following the video death of an Oedipus, a Hamlet, or a Willy Loman? Did the Smothers Brothers' satire of the Vietnam war soothe the average American businessman into the tranquility apparently demanded to sell him airline trips to the Orient? Do documentaries on lung cancer, automobile safety, or contaminated foods provide the necessary atmosphere for sales of cigarettes, automobiles, and processed meat?

* * *

The basic problem is that television does to your mind what cotton candy does to your body. It attracts your attention, makes you want it, and then leaves you with nothing but an empty feeling and a toothache.

* * *

We know that our government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" has long since vanished from the earth. We know that it has been very largely replaced by a government of the people, by the rich, for the corporations.

* * *

Perhaps it would be embarassing to explain to the public that the [Nixon] Administration will apparently guarantee the *economic* interests of the broadcasting industry so long as the media will give the Administration favorable news coverage in return. After all, wouldn't it be awkward to explain that while the Vice-President has complained that the media are too uniform and concentrated in too few hands, the Administration has quietly supported the newspaper industry's monopoly authorization bill... the President's Director of Communications, Mr. Herb Klein, has announced his opposition to Senator McIntyre's bill to split up the larger media monopolies, and that when the broadcasting trade press reported the FCC's opposition to Senator Pastore's license-protection bill, President Nixon appointed two new commissioners and the agency changed its position to adopt a "policy statement" granting much of what the industry asked from Senator Pastore? ...What has happened is that the Administration has apparently entered the protection racket. If the broadcasters pay up with free time and favorable news coverage for the Administration, then the Administration will "protect" the industry against economic loss: legislation to limit ownership, limits on advertising time, public participation in the license-renewal process, antitrust suits, and the like—through legislation (such as the Pastore bill) and favorable FCC appointments.

* * *

Nicholas Johnson's reward for being the best FCCommissioner in history is to be vilified, insulted, lied about, and threatened with impeachment. He's been accused of "arrogant offensiveness," he's been called "naive," a "teeny bopper," a "self-anointed savior," and "the shrill and frequent critic of the actions of his elders." Yea verily, among the sins he has been criticized for are (1) typing his statements double-spaced, and (2) commuting to and from work by bus instead of by limousine. Because Johnson has urged people to contest the license renewals of lousy radio and TV stations, he's been accused of "drumming up business" by Representative Lionel Van Deerlin (D., Calif.), and he's been accused of "stirring up trouble" by Senator Pastore. The broadcasters' patsy. On about 20 different occasions Johnson has been roundly attacked by *Broadcasting* magazine, and no wonder, because he voted against getting a bunch of radio stations sold out to the Washington Post Company, and part-owner of the radio stations was Sol Taishoff, publisher of *Broadcasting* magazine. *Broadcasting* at its worst (which is to be sure is far beneath its distance) has even pleased that simpering old fool Johnson and her noble sewing circle. Meanwhile a goodly number of broadcasters have called for his resignation.

Typical of the pattern of anti-Johnson abuse was an article that recently appeared in the *New York Times*. It was headlined "FCC Aide Scored for Double Standard on News." Not you will notice "alleged," "purported," or "so-called" double standard, but a (even) double standard (in quotes). Jack Gould reported that Richard W. Jencks, president of the CBS Broadcast Group, had accused Commissioner Johnson of hypocrisy. Sure Johnson had rallied to the broadcasters' side when the Geek has attacked their news programs, but where has Johnson been when the FCC sought antitrust TV-ism of the freedom marchin Marks, Mississippi, in 1968? Why didn't Johnson defend CBS against the charge of bias in its documentary "Hunger in America"? Where has Johnson been when the FCC criticized CBS for staging a pot party for its news program?

The answer, of course, was: Right behind you, stupid. It was Nicholas Johnson who prevailed upon the other FCCommissioners to drop the demand for the unused CBS film. It was Nicholas Johnson, along with the other commissioners who gave "Hunger in America" a C rating. It was Nicholas Johnson, and only Nicholas Johnson, who, in a ringing 46-page statement, dissented from an FCC statement chastising CBS for the pot party.

Mr. Jencks then proceeded to demonstrate that his devotion to accuracy is matched by his willingness to admit error: he haughtily announced he would stand by his original remarks. And what are we to make of Jack Gould publishing a newspaper story without checking out the easily check-out-able facts? Had he been barred from the *New York Times* library?

Obviously you can't be a flyweight like Jencks if you want to tackle with a heavyweight like Nick Johnson. Peter Cousins of Burch learned a lesson late last year. Johnson had dissented vigorously when an FCC decision to make AT&T reduce its rates only a smidgen and Burch chilled with *Ulysses* decided to punish him. Now, in preparation for his new job, Burch had read his friend Newton Minow's *Equal Time* and particularly page 9th written by the book's editor, Lawrence Laurent.

A wise and elderly attorney-at-law once advised a tyro that there were three chief techniques for winning cases in the courtroom: "If the facts are against you, argue the law. If the law is against you, argue the facts. And when that terrible day arrives when both the law and the facts are against you, then you throw away the law books and you scream and pound the table."

So, in a statement attempting to refute Johnson's arguments, Burch began:

There is an old saw among lawyers that "if you're weak on facts, argue the law; if you're weak on law, argue the facts; if you're weak on both the law and the facts, pound the table." This statement is in response to Commissioner Johnson's table pounding dissent ...

Commissioner Johnson proceeded to have Mr. Burch for breakfast.

Many years ago I, too, was introduced to the breadbare debater's canard about pounding facts, law and tables. Most of us stopped using it after the first year in law school. For it is generally dusted off and used only by those who feel themselves unable to deal with either facts or law and must therefore resort to diversionary tactics of anecdote or ridicule.

The Chairman makes a number of points concerning the dissenting opinion. All are either wrong, fail to meet the objections raised, or actually support the dissenting opinion.

All this is not to suggest that Nick Johnson is really a reincarnation of St. Francis of Assisi. He has his faults, principally a penchant for getting carried away. For instance, he complained that Nixon had cleared his two appointees, Burch and Wells, with the broadcasting industry, but actually all Presidents usually check their regulatory-agency appointees with the industries the appointees are to regulate, as heinous as the practice is. Johnson also has a tendency to engage in hyperbole, as when he said: "The broadcaster in America today is, without question, the single most powerful man civilization has permitted to roam wild," and when he has said, "Television is probably the single most powerful force for good or evil man has ever unleashed upon himself." It's a bomb, but no nuclear bomb. He's also stubbed his foot occasionally. On Channel 31, a UHF channel station in New York, he spoke about Rachel Carson as if she were alive on "Face the Nation," talking about the fact that TV stations require politicians to pay for advertisements, he said: "For the industry to hold up elected public officials and make them pay to get time from public property is no more the act of pirates stealing a woman's wedding ring after he's raped her," a truly atrocious metaphor on the Merv Griffin Show. He is hoaxed into saying that Lee Loevinger is a shill for TV commercials, a great belief among TV commercials that Little Merv actually screens two-and-a-half inches.

It was in regard to a recent AT&T case that Johnson really took a drubbing. Johnson dissented because he felt that AT&T should lower its prices *more*—and he complained that the FCC had let AT&T help write its own press release, that the FCC had held only informal hearings on the matter, that the FCC had used only AT&T-furnished and -selected information, that the FCC had let AT&T pass the whole Vietnam war tax onto the consumer—and that the FCC had refused to reopen the hearings, even after the National Association of Regulatory Utility Commissioners asked that the decision be undone and after the New York City Consumer Affairs Department pleaded for a chance to be heard. All this was perfectly legit, but Johnson went on to say that the other FCCommissioners "sat by smugly ratifying rate reductions Bell does not oppose" (AT&T *had* opposed the reductions, and said that phone regulation by the FCC "is more designed to serve corporate interest than consumer interest." Burch as mentioned tried to get into the act, but quickly retreated, head bloody as well as bowed. But then Commissioner Cox, Johnson's former manager and a heavyweight himself, entered the ring. Cox lashed into Johnson for presenting himself "as the only defender of the public interest and as knowing more about telephone regulation than all of his colleagues put together." (But you don't have to be a *cordon bleu* to tell when an egg is rotten.) He effectively demolished some of Johnson's arguments, called some of his remarks "objectionable" and "in extreme poor taste," and complained that Johnson was undermining the FCC's morale. In another dissent soon after in a different case, Commissioner Johnson apparently mended his ways, for he spoke of his respect for "my colleagues' commendable and good faith effort to resolve this conflict. They have tried. They really have."

Johnson and Cox, I have been told by someone who knows both of them, may have the same general ideas, but they differ temperamentally. "Cox is a wise and elderly college professor, Nick Johnson is a young activist."

***

Before flying to Washington to interview Johnson, I spent an hour preparing some really marvelous questions, among them: How would he rate his fellow commissioners, individually, on their concern for the public interest? In 1-2-3 order, how would he rate the three networks? I also spoke with a number of people who know him personally and got these comments: "He's absolutely brilliant", "He's a good guy, but sometimes he shoots from the hip"; "He's a small-town boy from the Midwest who desperately wants to seem sophisticated", "He comes on big, but underneath he's really fearful", "He's the only guy on the FCC who's running against the industry—so he can't be all bad—in fact, he's got to be pretty good".

He's a political animal and he's always playing political games and always running for political office", "When I talk to Nick, and he tells me that television should serve the public I get the impression he really has 12 other things on his mind", and "He's at least half-a-dozen head and shoulders above all the other commissioners." An interesting assortment.

I had read that the FCC's headquarters was in an old abandoned post-office building but my taxi driver insisted that only state and city buildings were old, never federal buildings, and in this instance he was proved right. For the FCC has a new, modern red building all to itself. When I entered Johnson's office there were two cheerful, pretty girls sitting at desks to my right, and while one took my name the other took my coat. I had arrived 15 minutes early, and was told that the commissioner was still out to lunch but would arrive momentarily.

The suite was bright, large, and luxurious with new furniture and attractive grey carpeting. *Business Week* in a somewhat hostile article, had written recently that Johnson "works out of offices flooded with semi-classical music from a stereo player...." Things had certainly changed, for now there was just a transistor radio blaring out some really godawful music. Across from the sofa I was sitting on was a large montage, evidently put together by one of Johnson's young employees. In the center was a large photo of Commissioner Johnson, and on it were the cut-out headlines, LUCKY IMMORAL? There were signs saying UNDERGROUND TELEVISION CHANNEL ONE and BUY A BOOK AND HELP STAMP OUT TV and WE'LL RETURN TO OUR COMMERCIALS AFTER THIS BRIEF WORD FROM THE PROGRAM. There was an AT&T envelope returning a dime to Commissioner Johnson (they don't return dimes to *me*, I thought). There was a photograph of a television set and someone had inserted onto the screen a mug shot head & shoulders and profile of the notorious publisher Ralph Ginzburg. There was a lapel pin, apparently put out by the maritime unions, that carried Johnson's photo and the sarcastic slogan, JUNIOR JOHNSON FOR JAPANESE ROAD AGENT. There were two letters Johnson had received after appearing on the *Dick Cavett Show*. "Nick, your appearance on Cavett Show last night stimulated set sales. I sold mine, others are following", and "I very much enjoyed your visit to the Dick Cavett Show. I wish you would appear more often, perhaps on 15-minute spots with a 'truth break'."

A tall, stooped man in a black raincoat slipped into the office. He bent down over a desk to talk with one of the girls, and she began laughing softly. A young man looking like a college student, came out of an office and began chatting, very shyly, with the tall man, who in a gesture of friendliness put his fists on the young man's chest and leaned on him. Suddenly the tall man slapped his forehead. "Good *God*, the meeting's this afternoon!" He vanished into an office.

A few minutes later, the tall man, now in his shirtsleeves, emerged and began walking toward me, and I recognized Nicholas Johnson from his photographs. He's six feet five, and I'm sure that he stoops only as a concession to the rest of us. His hair is dark and long at the back, near his collar, it even begins to curl. Well-scrubbed face, stub nose, brown eyes with a probing, cagey expression in them. He apologized eloquently for having made me wait, I assured him that my plane didn't leave for another three hours. He frowned, and explained that the problem wasn't that he was so busy now, but that he had several other interviews this afternoon.

He led me into another office and we sat down facing each other. My first question, of course, was whether the FCC had ever received a complaint from Vice-President Agnew about the cancellation of "Gilligan's Island." Johnson seemed a trifle startled, and said, quietly, "I don't know anything about that." I hastily explained that this was a joke of Woody Allen's—Agnew's been down on TV ever since they took "Gilligan's Island" off the air. The commissioner managed a smile, and for the next few minutes he continued looking at me oddly.

In fact, for a while the interview went even further downhill. The commissioner wouldn't tell me which TV programs he liked and which he disliked. "I wouldn't want to give anyone the impression that I wanted to impose my personal viewing habits on television programming." (But he *has* written that his five-year-old son Gregory enjoys *Sesame Street*.) Nor would he rate the three networks for me—"That would be improper for the same reason." (Expert opinion places CBS a little ahead of NBC, NBC far ahead of ABC.) He declined to rate the other commissioners according to their concern for the public interest. "That's something," he said with a smile, "that you can find out easily enough for yourself." And when I asked what was going on with WPIX-TV in New York, he seemed a bit shocked and said "I really don't know." (Commissioners aren't supposed to discuss cases with outsiders, and Johnson was being very, very cautious.)

Indeed, when I mentioned that *Commonweal* that excellent Roman Catholic magazine recently wrote that Johnson never has gotten proper TV coverage (in his speeches) and wouldn't get proper coverage even if he hovered them in the nude or while hoisting pig's head on a pike—he responded with good-natured disgust. "Good *grief*. How would *that* look—me complaining that I don't get enough coverage on television?" And besides, a lot of people think I get too much coverage. Many people hold it against me that I say out loud what they say only to themselves. And many other people think I'm a radical—even though I take my politics from Thomas Jefferson and my economics from Milton Friedman. I just want the television industry to become more competitive.

Still when I got him going on a subject he went along swimmingly. He thinks quickly and is extraordinarily fluent, which explains why he so easily deposed of William F. Buckley Jr. on Buckley's TV show and why he's such a holy terror at FCC meetings.

I mentioned that I was puzzled because Dean Burch, after calling Agnew's speech "thoughtful" and "provocative," had gone along with the rest of the commission in declaring that the newspaper analysis of Nixon's speech had actually been fair. Johnson grinned. "That's because the rest of us sat on him. You have to give Burch credit. On this he came out directly opposite to the Administration position. He's also come out against Mitchell on subpoenaing newsmen. And he's even backed down somewhat on censoring obscenity on television—he's discovered that he just can't set up any standards."

"But I'm worried about what seems to be a total Administration crackdown on dissent. Agnew has actually frightened many broadcasters. This is a cowardly industry in the first place, and what with Agnew's threats we are going to have less and less unconventional broadcasting in the future. Already radio stations aren't playing as much rock 'n' roll any more, because they're afraid of the lyrics. And Mitchell has had some success with the subpoena thing—blacks are less willing to talk with reporters. It's an insidious thing, and I think that throughout our society people are more afraid to speak out now. I went through this in the McCarthy era. People began to worry about their behavior. If I subscribe to a magazine, after a meeting or speak out will someone put it into a government file? Even the boldest tend to step back a little and some respond in pathetic ways. In the old, pasted-on reaction."

Is there any possibility that Nixon will reappoint Commissioner Cox in June? "No. I don't think so. The broadcasting industry wouldn't permit it. They have so perverted the notion that the weakest commissioner is always the best commissioner. Cox and I have often agreed, sometimes but in terms of the results he achieves since his good nature and commitment to public service, his hard work and his sense of fairness, there's nothing [illegible] he knows more about broadcasting than the rest of us put together. And when he leaves the commission will be at a severe disadvantage."

Should ex-FCC commissioners be barred from broadcasting jobs? "I think that depends upon the capacity in which they want to serve the industry."

Just then the phone rang and Johnson's secretary told him I assume that there was a young job applicant on the wire. Johnson slowly took the call and very graciously asked the job applicant to send a resume.

The interruption over, I mentioned that Newton Minow once said that there were only two ways to improve TV: more regulation or more competition. Which does he favor? "More competition," he said firmly. "What's the one best way to improve TV? There are a lot of ways. Expanding cable TV [illegible] TV a chance giving more money to the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, more competition in [illegible] about programming standards. We [illegible] move some of the VHF stations over to UHF which would go a long way toward strengthening the UHF channels. What's the maximum number of channels a resident of a big city will be able to watch in the year, say, 2000?" "There's no limit. Someday you'll be able to pick up your telephone, ask for any program and it will flash on your screen."

I asked if he agreed that a basic trouble with television is that its commercials are too *short*. Unlike the 'long' commercials in newspapers and magazines you can't just ignore TV commercials, so they *have* to be short. The result is that makers of quality items tend to shy away from TV. (General Motors spends more on newspaper and magazine ads), because they need more time to sell their wares, whereas the makers of cheap items (soap, toothpaste, cigarettes) gather on TV in force and go after the lowest common denominator. He [illegible] out that even if an advertiser wants [illegible] audience on TV—the way Xerox does—the networks might refuse. They're afraid that only the 'small' audience that watches a Xerox program will stay tuned for the next program with its lowest-common-denominator sponsor.

Does he agree that another trouble with TV is that many intellectuals have simply given up the fight for better programming? "I'm content to consider all TV watchers intellectuals because [illegible]." That was true once but more and more people are beginning to see the great potential that television has. And they're [illegible] with Pete Seeger who said you can't ignore the pollution of our rivers just because you've got a private swimming pool."

I had spent about half an hour with the commissioner, and for the past 10 minutes he had obviously begun worrying about his other appointments. He glanced at his watch. I pretended not to notice. He caught my eye, glanced at his watch, then caught my eye again. I persevered. Then he began tossing a balloon pen-point in the air to convey his impatience, but I simply went on working because he kept dropping the pen. Finally I began feeling sorry for him and asked one last question. What will you do in 1973 when your term expires? I have no idea," he said. "I really have no idea. I haven't made any plans." "Well, that's all I have," I said, and he sighed with relief.

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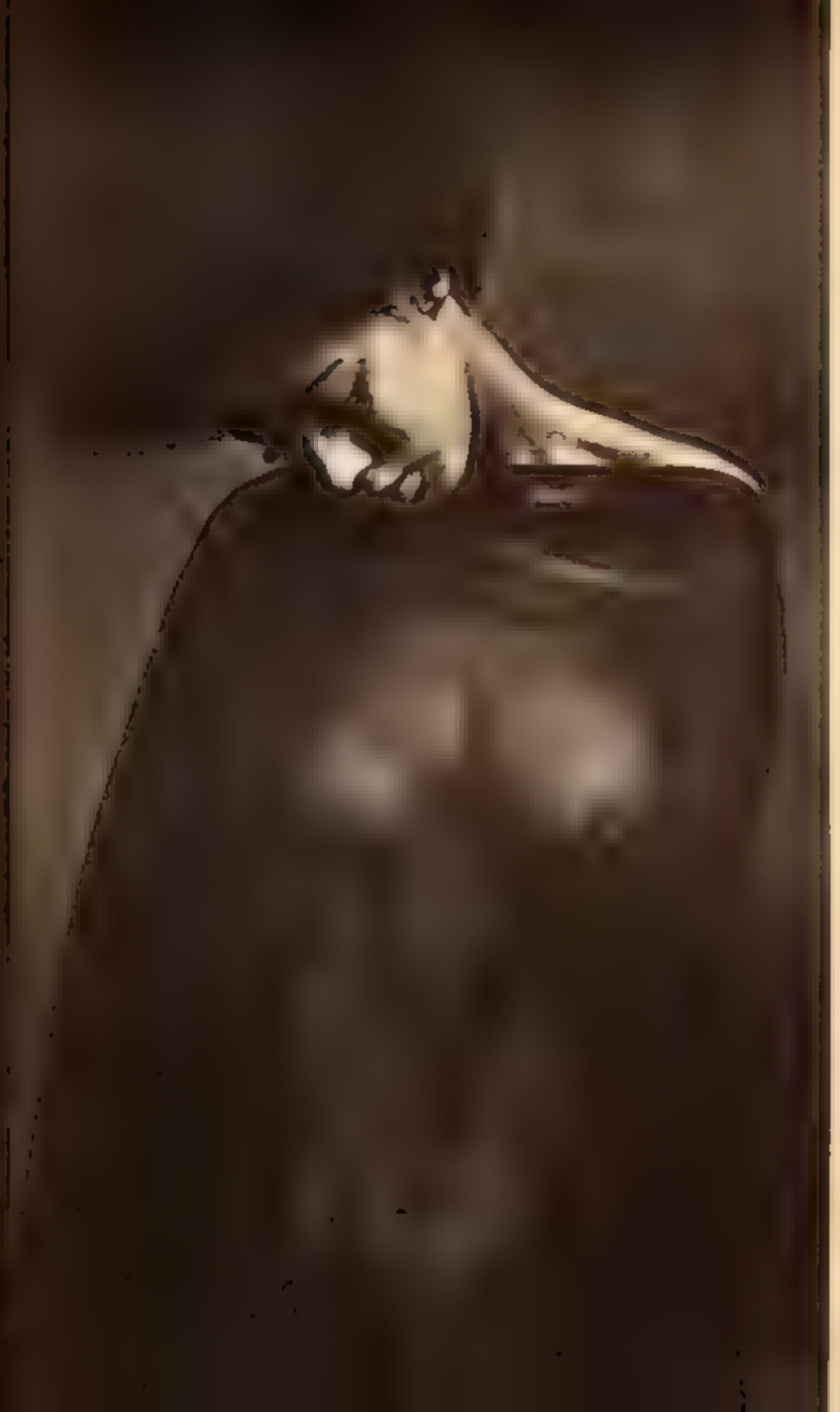
A few days later I asked some people in the broadcasting business what they think Johnson will do after 1973. One said he might accept a job with the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, but he'd never go with a network. "That would be like Ralph Nader going to work in the public-relations department of General Motors." Another said that the foundations would be eager to latch on to him. A third mentioned that Johnson might go into politics. I checked, and found that the term of Republican Senator Charles McC. Mathias, Jr. of Maryland expires in 1975.

Meanwhile, from 1973 on the FCC will have neither Johnson nor Cox as members, and that will be something like the Mets without Seaver and Jones. In June, when Nixon replaces Cox the FCC will have a Republican majority. And come 1973 Nixon will probably replace Johnson with a Democrat of the calibre of John Pastore. The FCC has been a pretty lousy organization under the Democrats, God only knows how rotten it will become under the Republicans, but it seems safe to say that critics of the Vast Wasteland ain't really seen nothing yet.

BELL'S BELLES

SELF-PORTRAIT OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER

PHOTOGRAPHER
HUGH BELL'S MODELS
PEEL AND SEND OUT
GOOD VIBRATIONS



THE GANG-BANG ON THE UNDERGROUND PRESS

COMPILED BY F.X. BOYLE

An underground newspaper is, by definition, radical in politics, partial toward sex and pot, hostile toward the establishment media, and staffed by young people who run the paper democratically. And so it stands to reason that if Spiro Agnew can spit on the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* while thousands cheer, then klansmen unscrupulous DA's and other creeps can gang-rape the underground press while millions cheer. All over the country as a matter of fact the youngsters who staff underground newspapers are being arrested, their papers are being sued, their cars are being set afire, their offices are being bombed, burglarized or riddled with bullets. Two famed papers, *Open City* in Los Angeles and the *Washington Free Press*, have already been put out of business. Many of the others are just managing to survive.

These ballsy newspapers are really the successors to the little magazines of the 1920's and 1930's. Inexpensive offset printing has set them be published every day. The Vietnam war has created a host of new readers. Nowadays, to set up a paper all you really need is a $500 bankroll and a printer more avaricious than he is cowardly. From there on it's a snap to rent an abandoned storefront, hire dedicated staffers who will work for $20 or $30 a week, and find people eager to read what they could never read elsewhere. According to Allen Young, a 28-year-old Columbia Journalism School grad who works for the *Liberation News Service*, there are between 300 and 350 underground newspapers in this country, almost every big city has one, and their total circulation is between one million and two million.

On the following pages is a harrowing, up-to-date report from the embattled youngsters themselves on the trials and tribulations they have had to cope with. The comments of these courageous young people indicate that in the year 1970 the United States of America is still but just barely the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Allen Young
Liberation News Service
New York, New York

The history of Nazi Germany shows that the image media are the first attacked in a repressive situation. I believe it is important that the underground papers are being attacked at the same time that straight media are getting subpoenas. The authorities start with the straight media and then go after us. Obviously, we're poorer and weaker and not in as good a position to defend ourselves.

People in New York and other urban centers have a false idea about the state of freedom of the press in this country. In vast areas of the United States, it is extremely difficult to put out a small radical newspaper. It is dangerous in terms of high wages, police hassles with landlords, dope busts. Even though there is a lot of people smoking dope, there is just a very few people busted on underground newspaper editors. I'm one of them. I got busted because [illegible] because [illegible] do business with [illegible] underground.

[illegible] Underground papers run out of money all the time. Advertising [illegible] and the whole [illegible] the price [illegible] to do its own distribution is very difficult.

Liberation News Service is a [illegible] we've developed [illegible] We've [illegible] publications [illegible] We send [illegible] subscribers. We don't have [illegible] printers because we [illegible] And New York is also a place where more [illegible] are needed than [illegible] in smaller towns.

The main hassle that we've had has been from the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee. It is apparently carrying out a [illegible] investigation of different radical groups with a heavy emphasis on radical media. It has subpoenaed our bank records. Right now we have a temporary restraining order, but it's going to be reviewed in court in a few days.

We don't know the scope of the Eastland investigation. The closest thing we have to [illegible] is a story in the Chicago *Tribune* by a guy who's close to the cops. He said that the subcommittee is very concerned about where the radical media get their money.

Krystyna Neuman
Pterodactyl
Grinnell, Iowa

We have more trouble than [illegible] and papers in New York because we're easterners. We're singled out as the only dirty Yankees who've taken a big city's people and [illegible]

Our big problem here is busts. This kind of harassment really slows us down. Last year we couldn't [illegible]. When we got the paper back from the attorney general's, we brought an issue out, but that was it for the year. And we haven't come out since the last bust in November.

I'll tell you what that was about. You see, we feel that *Playboy* magazine exploits women and treats women as a commodity. So we printed [illegible] ads. What [illegible] reads: Playboy is looking for [illegible] Jason. A [illegible] girl to [illegible] Women [illegible] Gay [illegible] PAYBOY. And [illegible] and [illegible] publication [illegible] printed [illegible] underground.

I can read you my arrest warrant. It [illegible] The [illegible] I did unlawfully and wilfully sell or distribute books, pamphlets [illegible] which [illegible] persons [illegible]

After the bust the issue was [illegible] to us. There's no printer right now in Iowa who will print us. [illegible] of the Mafia and [illegible] are intimidated by the news [illegible] New York news and dealer won't take the paper anymore. The [illegible] and [illegible] won't [illegible] for us.

We have had [illegible] take a [illegible] things. [illegible] but [illegible] which [illegible] have any [illegible] lawyer is supported by the Iowa Civil Liberties Union but [illegible] expenses. This year he's been giving us a little bit of [illegible]. He says he needs money and he can't take all of these cases.

Art Kunkin
Editor and Publisher
Los Angeles Free Press

Actually, I think we've had an amazing amount of good fortune. For a long time we had very few run-ins with the authorities.

Now we've got trouble because of the use of 50 narcotics agents. What we published was a list of names and addresses and phone numbers. The list came from a document we received with a big seal of the state of California on it. It was marked confidential and without any sort of implication [illegible] looked like a [illegible] employee might prepare [illegible] the [illegible] dealing department people.

I felt it was important to make an editorial statement about the use of [illegible] police [illegible] of [illegible] should be no secret police and if the police don't have offices where they can be reached the community should be able to walk up to them as if they were the neighborhood traffic policeman on the corner.

Well, all hell broke loose. We're being prosecuted for obstructing justice, and the state wants ten million dollars punitive damages. Another suit is for invasion of privacy filed by one agent who wants [illegible] million dollars.

We think they have some very bad cases. They have a lot of time and [illegible] and they're making us spend a great deal of money defending [illegible]. A way who as weeks we [illegible] doing.

An [illegible] indicted [illegible] by [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Police Squad [illegible] Angeles State [illegible] The purpose [illegible] was [illegible] by the description [illegible] the entrapment of homosexuals that he came to us and offered [illegible]. While [illegible] was really bad [illegible] because it sort of justified the whole concept [illegible] underground newspaper [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

and the chair is getting suspiciously long.

We also have an ongoing legal battle with the police department for press credentials. When we first requested them they said "no, you don't have a full-time paid staff." Then, when we had about eight people working full-time and writing and editorial went back to them. They denied us credentials again with no explanation. All the weekly newspapers in town except the Free Press have credentials and that certainly isn't equal access to the news. Finally filed suit against the police, and that's in the courts.

What's happening in this country now and a reason for the growing repression is the deciding of the question of who is the majority. I think the majority is not going to turn out to be the silent majority of Spiro Agnew but a majority which is considerably left of where the country is now.

Richard Atwater
Space Cats
Houston, Texas

We've been hit by individual, and probably Klan-inspired, terrorist acts. So now we have a shotgun-toting guard 24 hours a day.

They started out slashing tires of cars that were in front of our office and this has continued for the past year. Last October they escalated a little bit and some lone terrorist threw a bomb inside our office. No one was injured, although there were two people in the office at the time. The terrorist called up afterwards and said that next time he'd get us all. He was never caught.

They've also taken to firebombing our cars. One car belonged to an SDS organizer on the University of Houston campus. It was sitting in front of our office about 5:00 one morning. Whoever did it evidently laid strips of magnesium or something and the car was completely gutted. They also firebombed another car that we had parked on the side of the street.

Most of the time they strike by night. Once they broke into our office when we had a guard here, and they got themselves Maced.

We have gotten no police protection. On the contrary, the police appear to be collaborating with those who are harassing us. In the case of one of the car firebombings, we found the car shortly after the fire was out. There were pig cars two blocks in either direction, just waiting near the corners. The pigs could easily see the car was burning. We had to call the fire department ourselves.

We believe the terrorist activities are connected with the Klan because we've got on many phone calls from people who have identified themselves as the Klan. And stickers turn up from time to time with the message, "The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan are watching you."

Marshall Rosenthal
Seed
Chicago, Illinois

Most of the *Seed*'s staff have been busted on grass. I just had a trial. We have no way of demonstrating that these busts are related to the *Seed*. It could also be that we all *look* like freaks. In this case we were busted walking down the street at four o'clock in the morning dressed freaky. We were stopped by three narcotics squad plainclothesmen and searched. Three of us were arrested. My case was thrown out because I wasn't carrying.

We've also been taken to court on obscenity. We printed a very complex graphic concerned with repression. It was done by an artist who was an escapee from East Germany. In one very, very small corner of the graphic that was very hard to find, there was a picture of a girl with a penis in her mouth. Around the picture was the inscription "Make love not war." The ruling of the judge in that case was, and this is a direct quote, "The *Seed* is filthy but not obscene."

We also hear we may be part of an indictment against the Weathermen because we printed the program of events before the October actions came down. As the *Seed* becomes more political, I imagine harassment will increase accordingly.

Lowell Bergman
San Diego Street Journal
San Diego, California

Last October we started printing stories about the men who own San Diego. The first guy we ran into and the biggest guy in town was a man named C. Arnholdt Smith. He's the largest campaign contributor to Nixon in the country. He gave Nixon five million dollars in 1968. He owns the second largest bank in California and a corporation which has a monopoly on tuna, yellow cabs, and all sorts of other stuff.

First we just printed the truth in terms of his simple capital structure. His companies hadn't shown any profit in the last 12 years even though they're worth almost two billion dollars. He doesn't get any salary himself and yet he has plenty of money. It's all very strange.

From the time we started printing these things, we went through things like little shoot-em-ups, bullets through our windows, burglaries, and a firebombing in one of our cars. We don't even know how many arrests we've had. At least 50. They're for things like walking the sidewalk listening, being on the wrong side of the street in a certain traffic district, disturbing the peace, obscene language. One guy got busted for wearing jeans in a gin. It goes on like this. Anything they can make up. They've only had two convictions. One was a Czechoslovakian refugee who had a copy of our paper. He was convicted for blocking the sidewalk and he split for Canada the next day.

Last November we had our offices raided and searched without a warrant. Diagrams made of our offices and the vice squad in the house and copies all around. A heterosexual we were giving was busted and we were arrested for selling liquor without a license. Five thousand dollars worth of our office equipment has been smashed or broken.

We have an injunction pending in federal court against the police. It lists 30 separate incidents in which the police have illegally arrested people, searched our houses, ripped people out of our houses for no reason at all and with no prosecutions.

We're still having trouble finding a place for our offices. Our original landlord and his family received numerous death threats. So we moved. The next landlord was arrested for suspicion of murder just before we moved in. They released him the next day and arrested him two days later on traffic warrants. They ransacked a hotel he was leasing and roughed up the people inside. So he decided not to rent to us, and we still don't have an office.

We couldn't prove in a court of law that this shit is due to the stories we've been running about Arnholdt's political control of the town. But we didn't have any trouble before we started printing that stuff.

Pfc. John Korsedal
Fatigue Press
Fort Hood, Texas

We have a big staff changeover mainly due to harassment. A lot of guys get shipped out to Vietnam and a lot of them get shipped out to Fort Leavenworth prison. Two members of our staff are now on levy for Vietnam, and the way we know we're being singled out is because it happens so fast. Your name appears on *Fatigue Press*'s masthead, next month you're on levy for Vietnam.

Whether or not this situation makes people afraid to work on *Fatigue Press* depends on the individual. It makes some people want to work more because they realize that what they're doing is important, and they realize they must be scaring the Army.

Right now in our staff there are guys who are back from Vietnam and in the Infantry. Guys they're trying to stop to Vietnam. Going to Vietnam has radicalized a lot of servicemen. Guys who come back from Vietnam, they've seen the war.

We feel this no matter what the reason you go to Vietnam, it's wrong. No matter what you do there, it's not going to be helping the National Liberation Front, and we support the NLF in their just struggle.

The main problem in putting out the *Fatigue Press* is money. We run on donations from GIs who don't get paid at all that much.

We print in secret in the West Coast. I don't want to say why, primarily because of military intelligence found out I think they'd go to the printer and threaten not to print [illegible] anymore. They've done things like that in the past. For instance the FBI prevented us from renting any commercial buses to go to a rally. They told the bus companies that the soldiers were going to have dope on them and the buses would be impounded. That was just lies, of course.

They use courts-martial against us usually a bunch of trumped-up charges. A black organizer who worked on our staff is now being court-martialed for a bunch of things like an AWOL violations, staff like that. There's harassment on the company level, too—additional work details, more KP, the commander yelling at you and calling you names. When we find out this is happening, we usually try to take legal action.

They harass us because the Army can't dig people getting together. If GIs get together, we'd have power, and if we had power to decide what we were going to do when we wouldn't be in Vietnam and we wouldn't be under control. The Army can't be digging on that, because the Army and the military-industrial complex are all into this thing in Vietnam and if we put out of there, they're going to be losing a lot of money.

Pvt. E-1 Joe LeBlanc
Shakedown
Fort Dix, New Jersey

Pvt. E-1 means I'm the lowest I can go and still be in the Army. My rank is definitely related to my work on *Shakedown*. Once the Army finds out you work for the paper, they'll try to bust you for any little thing you do wrong. They lock you up on trumped-up charges.

After I joined the paper, I was called down on a five-minute AWOL. I spent 2 days in the stockade, maximum security, just for being five minutes late for a formation. We've got two staff people in the stockade right now. Both were charged with being AWOL. One of these guys had already been discharged, but the Army's trying to claim he was [illegible] had another guy who was in stockade for passing out two copies of *Shakedown* on base. He got seven months.

Last month the editor's house where we had put the paper was bombed. It was an Army bomb, but it could have been the Minutemen, or just an individual. After the bombing, our lease was dropped. We can't rent another building. Everybody refuses to rent to us. Right now we're doing fund-raising because we feel the only way we're going to get another place is to buy one, and that's going to cost about thirty or forty thousand dollars.

I volunteered for the Army. When I first came in I was completely apolitical, just thought it was this adventurous thing, you know? And I was 17. Then after I'd been in the Army for a while and I'd been in Vietnam, I became political. That happens to a lot of guys. Most of the GIs who work on *Shakedown* [illegible].

Gene Guerrero
Great Speckled Bird
Atlanta, Georgia

Our big thing was about a year and a half ago during a county election campaign. Our printer was heavily supporting the opposition candidate. So the incumbent went through back issues of the *Bird* and found every four-letter word he could and printed them up as a smear sheet trying to tie the opposition guy to the *Bird*. We reprinted the smear sheet in one of our issues, because not many people in Atlanta had seen it. We were busted for ha

As it turned out, the incumbent won the election, and they indicted *him* under a state law requiring that a campaign literature be signed. But that was dropped and they never did follow up on it.

When the trouble started our printer caved in on us and we had to go first to New Orleans and then to Alabama and has [illegible] where we're still being printed.

All of this obscenity-bust business is just political harassment. I don't think it arises out of any concern over obscenity because we're a relatively clean paper.

About two-thirds of our staff lives in two different communes. Both communes were busted about the same time for grass, and I consider this another form of political harassment. In fact I'm surprised that we haven't had somebody plant some dope in our office and bust us for that. I won't be surprised when it does happen.

Terry Becker
Quicksilver Times
Washington, D.C.

We can't seem to find a printer anywhere in Washington or suburban Maryland or Virginia. We've had printers in Washington stop printing us in the middle of a press run and say they're sorry but their boss says they can't print our paper. And I'm a lawyer, been in operation for one year and we've had five printers. Right now we have to go more than 200 miles out of the city to print, and if you're going to use this for publication, I don't want to *talk* about where we print.

One excuse printers have given us is that they'll lose business if they print our paper. One printer we used had a white-collar staff that did layout and those people decided they didn't want to work for a place that printed a paper like [illegible].

They thought the paper was obscene and subversive and definitely.

American Civil Liberties Union: The paper threatened to walk out on a regular perversion of the power of the people. The plant owner was really regretful, but the workers didn't want the paper. The capitalist wanted to print it. He felt that people should have a right to print a paper as long as it isn't clearly illegal or way-out obscene.

We still hope to get a Washington printer. Aside from not talking underground newspapers, printers all need money. If they see we've been coming out regularly for a year, they might decide they'd like our thousand-dollar-a-week account and their [illegible] overcome their feelings about us.

Jerry Powers
Editor-in-Chief, Planet
Miami, Florida

Our major hassle in putting out the *Planet* is circulation getting it sold. The *Miami News* and the *Miami Herald* have kids out selling on the street during the rush hours. Our kids aren't allowed out on the street. If they do go, they get busted for jaywalking, or soliciting sales on the roadway without a license, or any kind of incredible thing. Then the police go into stores and head shops and tell people that if they get rid of the *Planet* they won't have any more hassles with the police. We have sworn statements from storeowners claiming that they're harassed once or twice a week.

We've been busted God knows how many times. For instance we have a park in Coconut Grove and the *Planet* head love-ins. It was a political thing: getting people together. So they started busting kids. We demanded a hearing before a Miami commission on what we could do in the park. At the hearing a prominent woman citizen claimed that kids were peeing all over the park, kids were masturbating and little 4-year-old girls were being shot with heroin.

So in the next issue we drew a cartoon showing just what she described and we titled it, "Mr. Downright-Thinking American, This Is What's Going on in Your Park." That caused the most recent obscenity bust. I was sentenced to 30 days on it.

The judge's name in that case was Dunn. He's a little Julius. He carries a picture of Julius with him wherever he goes. They say in his house he's got a picture of Julius hanging over his bed. An incredible guy. He's got a 17-year-old pimply-faced son who ran around the courtroom saying things like, "Daddy, they're saying bad things about you. You've got to convict them." His son sat in the courtroom and advised him on community standards. We are appealing that conviction.

We've been busted about once for every issue, a total of 28 arrests. But in the last 90 days we haven't been busted at all. They're afraid we'll get too much favorable publicity.

It's also political, completely political. When the paper started we became more than anything else a communications center. People can call in to the *Planet* and find out what's going on. They can get together, meetings started happening, groups started forming. I think that's what makes the Establishment more uptight than anything else and they decide to kick us with busts because of it.

Last September, for instance, we had to close down for a week or so because we just ran out of bread. We couldn't pay bond fees and some people just stayed in jail. Our bond fees have totaled more than ninety thousand dollars. The authorities know that eventually we're going to win the cases but they just figure it's going to cost us bond money, appeals court reporters' fees, and so on. They've figured how much it's going to cost us per bust and they know that if they bust us enough times, we're out of business.

The thought of people getting together puts Miami uptight because that's the way Miami is. Miami's a town that's run on business: heavy deals, corrupt politics in every area, corrupt police. Miami is just super-super-corrupt, and anyone who tries to buck what's going on is going to get hassled. The thinking of the politicians is more conservative here than any other town in the South.

We brought Allen Ginsberg in last December for a benefit for the *Planet*. Ginsberg was on stage 15 minutes. In one of his poems he changed his phrasing a little bit and said something like "the police in Prague are as corrupt as the police in Miami." The police cut him off and threw him off the stage. We went into federal court and we got an injunction. We made the city reschedule the lecture at their own expense. After that the police published a list of people who are not allowed to perform anywhere in Dade County. It includes Ginsberg, Sly and the Family Stone, Janis Joplin, the MC 5, among others. They created a division called Internal Security and if you want an act to play Miami you have to clear it two weeks in advance with Internal Security.

It's really bizarre. We're what a free press is about. We covered the Chicago conspiracy trial and other political trials. Without our paper people wouldn't have a chance to see that other side. But that's just what some people are afraid of seeing, the other side.

Larry Abbott
Good Times
San Francisco, California

One of the reasons the police might be down on us is our column called "Cop Watch," which keeps a close eye on the police. We've caused them some embarrassment in the past. And we're pretty anti-establishment. Vendors are long-haired weirdos standing there on the sidewalk looking stoned and here's this cop walking past one time and pretty quick somebody gets mad and the vendor is busted. I don't think it's an organized suppression going against us. It's just that we fall into the category of long-haired weirdos and the cops know who their enemy is.

I think our future troubles are going to be a lot worse than anything we have now. Within the next two years the political situation is going to be so heavy that we're going to have troubles. We should just hang on, find a good hold and hang on and hope that after two we're still doing it.

Jaakov Kobi
East Village Other
New York, New York

I think that repression is the order of the day and historically speaking, the press will always be the first to feel it. It seems that the media—television, radio and the establishment press—thought they got it when President Agnew shot off his mouth, but that was only a general rehearsal for the bigger things that are coming. All the signs point to it, considering that President Agnew and General Mitchell are the movers and shakers.

Still, putting out EVO is a joy. But it certainly isn't profitable. One of our major hassles is advertisers' taboos. Institutional advertising is very difficult to secure. Regular commercial advertisers, like department stores or book clubs, will not advertise in the underground press. For some reason, Columbia Records recently withdrew all its advertising from the underground papers.

Another problem is distribution. Not all newsstands will accept a paper like EVO. This is often the result of unofficial police harassment, threats of busts. The hypersensitivity that the powers-that-be feel about us and the likes of us are justified, for the simple reason that we are not controlled by either investers, advertisers, or any other monetary or political force.

They feel the need to repress because they're insecure about what's happening in the country and what's happening in the world. I think they have very good reason to feel insecure.

"Hair" has become a four-letter word

BY WARNER BROWN

Back in 1964, a band of rock 'n' roll singers suddenly became the idols of America's youth, and thus—of course—disgusted and disgruntled a great many American adults. Robert P. Odenwald, a disgusted, disgruntled psychiatrist, even made a stab at explaining the appeal of these raucous upstarts [in *The Disappointing Sixties Years*]. Surely they were not being mobbed by thousands of screaming worshipers because of their musical talent, any small talent some producer had packaged with them. No, the secret of their success, like Samson's, lay in their long hair, which made them sexually neutral and permitted boys as well as girls to identify with them. "And the songs they sing are essentially sexless," mused doctor Odenwald. To much his point underscored the sour comment of an anonymous critic: "Who are these Beatles? You look at their faces and hairdos and you think they are women."

Yes, it was those sexless, talentless Beatles who launched the hypertrichosis revolution, who made the amount of one's hair the official determinant of which side of the generation gap you stood on. And ever since the Beatles' brief visit, this country has been busy fighting those bitter 17th-century English wars: the wars between the gay Cavaliers, with their long-flowing locks, and the Roundheads, those dour Puritans who cut their hair short. Only, in modern times the Roundheads are called Skinheads.

Alas, as the Skinheads, being more numerous, in higher positions of authority, and more given to brutish violence, have won almost all of the battles. In Norwalk, Connecticut, the Skinhead principal of the Brian McMahon High School suspended 51 boys whose hair, the principal had unanimously decided, was too long. A student at Seton Hall University in New Jersey was informed that he could keep either his beard or his scholarship, and cravenly chose the scholarship. A more courageous student, a bearded junior at the Colorado School of Mines, broke when the seniors ordered all men classmen to shave, and in defense of his beard fled off to his shack. One of them wounded an uppercut in San Diego, a sailor forcibly cut off a student's hair. The student later filed suit and won. In High Bridge, New Jersey, another teacher did the scissoring "on a dare." Indeed, high schools and institutions of higher learning all over the country have expelled, suspended or segregated long-haired young men, from DeWitt Clinton High School in New York to Marlboro High School in Boston to schools in New Augusta, Mississippi and New Milford, New Jersey. Judges often order youthful defendants to get shaves and haircuts, and the youngsters comply because the judges have them by the short hairs (an abominable expression used as long ago as 1880, by Mark Twain in *A Tramp Abroad*). Once they are convicted as in the case of five Chicago defendants, the youngsters have no choice at [illegible] and one of Tony Accardo's youngsters will submit to [illegible] and one of Tony Accardo's youngsters will submit to [illegible] and one of Tony Accardo's youngsters will submit to

from Gary Jennings' excellent *Personalities of Language* (1969) "When [Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling became friends, they engaged in a sort of competition to see who could write the harriest obscenity It is said that one of Kipling's sketches (which began, ' "Shit!" said the Queen...') was somehow brought to Victoria's attention She was not amused" The Cavaliers have also popularized the term "fuzz," meaning "cops," in recognition of the fact that their enemies-to-the-death are short-haired

THE 1000-YEAR WAR

What neither the Skinheads nor the Cavaliers seem to be aware of is that their war has been raging not just for a few years or merely for a few centuries, but for a few millenia Herodotus tells us that the ancient Egyptians who were clean-shaven, loathed the sight of the bearded Greeks, for which reason no Egyptian lassie or laddie could bear to kiss a Greek laddie or lassie The estrangement between King David and his son Absolom no doubt stemmed in part from Absolom's grotty hairdo (it weighed "two hundred shekels after the king's weight) Indeed the Skinhead-Cavalier controversy was one of the causes of the schism between the Roman Catholic Church and the Eastern Church, Roman Catholic clerics insisting on being clean-shaven, Eastern clerics insisting on remaining bearded In the 15th century, according to a contemporary, Père Fange, the learned Cardinal Bessarion missed out becoming pope because the other cardinals objected to his long beard Throughout the Middle Ages, in fact, hairy men led a perilous existence being subject on occasion not only to excommunication but to involuntary barbering the latter so common that lawyers for the Cavaliers (to quote Reginald Reynolds' *Beards* 1949) "maintained that such compulsorary pogotomy was equal to the severance of a limb, meriting the same punishment"

Even in the so-called land of the free the alleged home of the brave, persecution of the hirsute is old hat In the 1700's, his fellow Quakers discriminated against Joshua Evans of New Jersey, a vegetarian, opponent of slavery friend of the Indians and worst of all, wearer of a beard In 1830 Joseph Palmer of Fitchburg, Massachusetts the Arlo Guthrie of his day was refused communion because of his beard Later according to Reginald Reynolds, Palmer was "assaulted by four men who attempted to shave him forcibly He routed them with the aid of a jackknife, wounding two of them, and soon found himself in court, charged with *unprovoked assault* ..Having been fined on this outrageous charge, Palmer refused to pay, and was put in the county jail" He was eventually released over his own objections, and lived happily ever after He is buried in Leominster, Massachusetts, and his tombstone to this day carries a carving of his likeness, complete with magnificent moustache and Brobdingnagian beard, along with the inscription *Persecuted for wearing the beard* (A photograph can be seen in Gerald Carson's *The Polite Americans* [1965]). A few score years later, George Armstrong Custer, while attending West Point, was given demerits for wearing his hair too long. In retaliation, Custer who always was a little batty shaved all of his head hair off for which he also received demerits.

Just what is the Skinhead-Cavalier brouhaha all about? Why does long-haired Tiny Tim arouse snarks, but baldheaded Yul Brynner arouse admiration? Why are priests clean-shaven but Fidel and his followers hairy? Why did Joey Bishop get a costly hair transplant why does Carl Reiner wear a wig, and why does Richard M. Nixon (as John Osborne charges in *The New Republic*) touch up his graying hair?

Stay tuned to this station

To understand why hair has become a four-letter word, we must first brush up on our knowledge of symbolism A symbol is something that is associated with something else A *primary* symbol is something that has a direct, unambiguous association with something else another word for it is "sign" For instance this drawing ( ) is a primary symbol of a horseshoe while this drawing ( ) is a primary symbol of a lipstick cartridge

A *secondary* symbol has a vague, imprecise association with something else whereas a primary symbol is apparent to the conscious mind a secondary symbol is apparent only to the subconscious mind The drawing of a horseshoe may have, as its secondary symbols horses, sports, or masculinity The drawing of a lipstick cartridge may have as *its* secondary symbols the world of cosmetics, or femininity

A *tertiary* symbol is only very dimly associated with something else and the referent is usually something basic like sex or death The tertiary symbol can reinforce the primary or secondary symbols, or even flatly contradict them. The examples we have chosen show contradictions. A horseshoe may be a secondary symbol of masculinity, but it is a tertiary symbol of *femininity* because of its resemblance to the female sex organ. A lipstick cartridge may be a secondary symbol of femininity, but it is a tertiary symbol of *masculinity* because of its phallic shape, and because it is extensible and retractable We are usually unconscious of tertiary symbols, and can become aware of their existence only by studying dreams, slips of speech, free associations, folklore and myth, manifestations of the irrational, and so forth and because as we've seen, human hair is so often linked with irrational behavior, it is obvious that hair must have some interesting tertiary symbols.

THE PRIMARY SYMBOLISM OF HAIR

But let us begin at the beginning. A primary symbol is readily apparent to all, and it is readily apparent that *long hair* symbolizes femaleness and *short hair* symbolizes maleness As St Paul put it "Does not nature itself teach you that if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him" But if a woman have long hair it is a glory to her " Or as Mrs. Jane G. Austin writes in Frank Leslie's *Popular Monthly* (January, 1881). "Among the minor mysteries of human nature may be ranked the feeling, deeper than custom or fashion, in favor of long hair upon a woman's head, short upon that of a man True, caprice occasionally dictates the reverse, but these caprices generally indicate an unnatural and unhealthy state of mind in people or individuals who exhibit them"

The tradition that men have short hair and women long hair is an important one because modern men and women have obliterated a few other clues to their gender they bathe often removing their distinctive scents, and they wear clothing that conceals their distinctive genitals and bosoms. Children have it even worse than adults because a little girl doesn't wear lipstick or rouge and she doesn't have a bosom a little boy can identify her as a she short of actually undressing her, only by observing whether she is wearing a dress and whether she has long hair So the long hair = female short hair = male equations are something we have learned, and used as a guide, ever since childhood

We can now understand why cops, taxicab drivers, and other lower class authoritarians become enraged when they encounter a man with long hair The long hair acts as a female sexual stimulus, but because the person giving the stimulus is male, the cops and taxicab drivers have caught themselves in a compromising sexual situation And their guilt is all the greater if the long-haired person [illegible] be someone who is "otherwise all masculine in appearance" If the long-haired person however, also sang in a falsetto, wore strange clothes, allowed himself to be verbally abused as Arlo Guthrie did not) and went by the self castrating appellation "Tiny Tim," the anxiety of the cops and taxicab drivers would express itself not in anger but in sadistic laughter

It follows that long hair upon a man and short hair upon a woman are also primary symbols of dissent, of a yearning for freedom from convention and so is a man's beard if the men around him go clean-shaven. Women cut their hair short during the French revolution and during the 20th-century suffragette movement Men have let their hair grow during the artistic and political revolutions of the 19th and 20th centuries "The connection between beards and freedom," writes Reginald Reynolds "is a long one" No wonder that nowadays, when we think of hairy men, we think of Karl Marx Bernard Shaw, Garibaldi Fidel, and his followers, anarchists, wobblies, and Sinn Feiners not to overlook hippies, yippies, and the New Left. Allen Ginsberg, the former Jerry Rubin and the former Abbie Hoffman

Tyrants have therefore always trembled at the thought of the hirsute In the 1830's Turkey, by imperial decree, banned beards the King of Bavaria outlawed moustaches. In Naples, according to one 19th-century observer, men were being "dragged daily into the barbershops by the police, and their beards trimmed according to the political creeds of the authorities." In 1967, the military dictators of Greece announced that long-haired tourists would no longer be allowed into the country and barbershops would be set up at all entry points to turn Cavaliers into Skinheads. (The ban was soon lifted because of travel-industry protests.) Modern-day Cuba, having had its revolution, wants no more truck with revolutionaries, and in 1968 the Cuban military banned beards, long hair, and moustaches from Havana University As for the United States, our official position was taken in 1968 a.so, when the Supreme Court refused to overturn the expulsion of three long-haired students from a Dallas high school The lone dissenter was that honorary Cavalier William O. Douglas, who stated that he believed that a country founded upon the Declaration of Independence could permit "idiosyncracies to flourish, especially when they concern the image of one's personality and his philosophy toward Government and his fellow men."

Conservatives, by the same token, are almost always shorthaired it is unthinkable that William F Buckley, Jr., Barry Goldwater, or Strom Thurmond would grow beards And servants, waiters, judges doctors, congressmen policemen, and soldiers all show their obeisance to convention by their relative hairlessness

THE SECONDARY SYMBOLISM OF HAIR

Though long hair is a primary symbol of femaleness, hairiness in general is a secondary symbol of masculinity For while women have longer hair on their heads, men have more hair on their faces, chests, and everywhere else on their bodies including the genital region (despite certain exceptions Listed by Havelock Ellis "Jahn delivered a woman whose pubic hair was longer than that of her head reaching below her knees Paulini also knew a woman whose pubic hair nearly reached her knees and was sold to make wigs Bartholin mentions a soldier's wife who plaited her pubic hair behind her back."). A hairy chest is almost universally considered a sign of virility, while a bald head is a most universally considered just the opposite Men boast of how tough their whiskers are, or of how often they have to shave. Strong men, from Goliath to Steve Reeves playing Hercules, have been depicted as hairy

Because hairiness is so masculine a symbol, women shave the hair on their legs and axilla, pluck their eyebrows, and electrocute their moustaches. Girls just reaching puberty suddenly develop a loathing for spiders "The only clue here," writes Desmond Morris in *The Naked Ape* (1967), "is the repeated female reference to spiders being nasty hairy things" A study by A Frazier and L K Lisonbee (*School Review*, 1950) found that many tenth-grade girls are seriously concerned about their heavy eyebrows; Karl Garrison reports (*Psychology of Adolescence*, 1965 edition) that "The appearance of axillary hair is in some cases a source of disturbance for girls the lack of hair on the arms and legs is regarded by many boys as a weakness."

Because hairiness = virility men with beards or long hair have always been a bit smug about it while the less hairy have always been a bit envious. In the Bible, King David wreaks a terrible vengeance upon the Ammonites when they desecrate the beards of his ambassadors When Rome was sacked, the senators did nothing to protect themselves until the invaders began tweaking their beards. "In the Middle Ages," John Brophy writes in *The Human Face* (1946), "to pluck a man by the beard was a gross insult." Among the medieval Moslems, Père Fange informs us, "A man who spits on the beard of another person, or who while spitting on the ground says to him, 'That's for your beard,' or a man who, while breaking wind says, 'I fart on your beard' will be rigorously punished..." Returning to Mr Brophy, we find that "Until a few centuries ago men swore, without facetiousness, by their beards, and even today in Moslem countries, it is still conventional to take a sacred oath by the Prophet's beard."

The short-haired have traditionally included court jesters slaves prisoners, and priests—in fact, Pope Gregory the Great ordered priests to be clean-shaven at about the same time he insisted that they remain celibate ("perhaps by association?" Reginald Reynolds asks naively) Royalty, on the other hand has been partial to hairiness (the Caesars took their name from a word meaning "long-haired"), while God and Jesus are traditionally depicted with beards (although the earliest portraits of Jesus, in the fourth century, show him clean-shaven)

Perhaps we can now understand why a student at the Colorado School of Mines reacted so irrationally when his beard was threatened And we can understand the magical power of Yul Brynner's bald head (without as some have done, considering it phallic). Mr Brynner is asserting that he is so very virile he can dispense with a common symbol of virility If he were simply incapable of growing hair on his head, and the public knew of this defect, Mr Brynner would be considered not a sex symbol but a freak

THE TERTIARY SYMBOLISM OF HAIR

But if hairiness is so virile, why don't more men wear beards and grow long hair? One answer is that hair as a *tertiary* symbol represents excrement—like excrement, hair is produced by the body and must be removed periodically This is why hirsute men are often called "dirty" (William Prynne, an English pamphleteer, in 1628 criticized wigs as "the haire excrements of some other person", the Skinheads in *Prologue* call Jesse a "dirty Commie," linking hair = dirt with long hair as the sign of rebellion); why it is so disgusting to find a hair in your food, even if it came from the woman you

love, or from your own head, why many barbers refuse to cut the hair of black men, why Good Guys have white beards (Merlin, Santa Claus, Father Time, God) and Bad Guys have dark beards (Svengali, Bluebeard, Satan), and why blondes have more fun (one brunette even told her psychiatrist that she was turning blonde in order to become *cleaner*—see "16 Reasons Why Blondes Have More Fun," *Pageant* the author, November 1963). Charles Berg, an English psychiatrist, notes in *The Unconscious Significance of Hair* (1951) "how uncomfortable and guilty we feel in public if we forgo our morning shave. Must we be clean free from anal guilt?" And he proceeds to speculate that women who are always straightening or tidying their hair have a hangup about their "dirtiness."

Hair has other tertiary symbols. Just what long hair upon a woman can symbolize is indicated by a dream that one of Charles Berg's patients had.

"I was sitting in a bus close beside a young woman with brilliant red hair. I put my hand on her head and pressed her hair and experienced feelings of great pleasure....I don't know anyone with red hair like this girl had. *My* girl has fair, golden hair....The other day I succeeded in exposing her pubic region and was delighted to find that her pubic hair had a distinct reddish tinge. I laughed, and put my hand on it—just as I put my hand on the girl's head in my dream. I have only just thought of this."

Clearly, long hair upon a woman is pubic hair because of what Freud would have called a displacement from below to above, and what the ethologists would call sexual self-mimicry. This explains why, among orthodox Jews, women are not supposed to show their hair in public, why, in the Middle Ages, Christian women were not supposed to reveal their head-hair until they were married, why the barbaric custom once prevailed, as Reginald Reynolds reports, "of offering to women the choice of losing their hair or their chastity...", and why, after World War II, women who collaborated with the enemy had their hair cut off in punishment. And then there is the story of Rapunzel, a folk tale collected by the brothers Grimm. Rapunzel is imprisoned in a tall tower by a witch (representing the girl's puritanical mother), but lets down her long hair for a prince to climb up on (her blooming sexuality makes up for his impotence).

It is partly because long hair is symbolic of pubic hair that men are so attracted by a woman's crowning glory. Mrs. Austin shrewdly writes, "Another of the minor mysteries of human sentiment is the tenderness, the romance, the pathos attaching to the hair of one we love. Looking at the matter in the calm light of reason, there seems to be no better cause for treasuring the shorn hair of our darling than her shorn finger and toe nails...." (Mrs. Austin, by the way, struck a blow for racial understanding in her 1881 article. "It is often stated that negro hair is not hair at all, but wool, like that of sheep. The microscope, however, contradicts this error." Someone should rush out and tell Strom Thurmond.) But while all men are hair fetishists to a degree, there are some in whom this passion is overly developed, men who, to this day, go around snipping off women's hair (Havelock Ellis: "Sexual excitement and ejaculation may be produced in the act of touching or cutting off the hair, which is subsequently, in many cases, used for masturbation").

HAIR AND THE VANITY OF FEMALES

The equation female head-hair = pubic hair explains why women are so vainglorious about their hair ("pride in its appearance, in its prettiness or social acceptability," Charles Berg notes, "is a displacement of exhibitionistic satisfaction.") It explains why nuns have their hair cut short, and why women who lose their head hair feel so wretched (Berg had as a patient a woman who was bald and she gave up her job and any opportunities for romance lest she be discovered. "She thought the absence of an arm or a leg would not be so bad.") And it explains the extraordinary though brief popularity of the movie actress Veronica Lake, who, with her peek-a-boo bang that covered half her face, made the symbolism almost explicit.

Curly female hair is an even more emphatic symbol of pubic hair. "The essential association to curly hair," Berg states, "is a direct one to the curly hair of the pubic region. Men with naturally curly hair are often at pains to keep it brushed flat, as though it were a public disgrace." Or perhaps curls have a direct relation to the female sex organ.

Very long female head-hair is no longer pubic but phallic, and consequently strikes terror in the hearts of many men. To quote Mrs. Austin again, "In the waters float the mermaidens, whose beautiful sea-green tresses are at once the admiration and destruction of their victims. Upon the rocks of the Rhine sits the Lorelei, softly singing and 'combing her golden hair,' as the surest lure to the unwary fisherman. Below the waters again, in the lurid realms of Pluto, the horror of Medusa's head is augmented by the transformation of its crown of glory to writhing snakes." Snakes are, of course, phallic symbols. Recently an attractive member of the Women's Liberation Movement was talking on the *David Susskind Show*, and bitterly complained about the obscene remarks that men are always making to her, the lewd propositions she is forever getting. She couldn't understand why, even though the hair on her head was so long it hung down to her *poopik*.

Tiny Tim may be willing to dispense with other conventional symbols of virility, but not with his virile head hair. For while hairiness, as we've seen, is a secondary symbol of masculinity, it is a tertiary symbol of the phallus itself. Hair is springy and flexible, it begins to flourish just when sexuality is blossoming, and decays: falls out or turns grey when sexuality is on the wane and, in certain unusual circumstances, it even "stands on end." Samson's strength lay in his hair, and when Delilah cut it off all of Samson's great strength disappeared. Greek youths dedicated their head-hair to local rivers. Roman youths sacrificed their hair to the gods, and many ancient warriors swore not to cut their beards until they had killed an enemy soldier. In Arabia and Syria the hair of adolescents was cut off as a puberty rite. In many other places, to this day, haircutting is considered a terrible ordeal. Sir James Frazier informs us that "The chief of Namosi in Fiji always ate a man by way of precaution when he had his hair cut", in parts of New Zealand, the hair is cut only on the most sacred day of the year. The Persians, as war trophies, cut off their enemies' beards, just as the American Indians cut off the scalps of theirs (a custom they borrowed from white men). In *The Death of Arthur* Thomas Mallory tells of King Ryons, who boasted of capturing 11 kings and cutting off their beards—and now demanded King Arthur's beard. Arthur considered the request "the most villanous and lewdest message that ever a man sent unto a king," and refused for "this is the most shamefu lest message that ever I heard spoke of." Charles Berg reports: "according to the evidence revealed by dreams, the unconscious has no doubt whatsoever about the identity ...of penis and beard, for it constantly presents the latter when it means the former."

If we accept the male hair = phallus equation, we can understand why certain 19th-century women collected "hair albums" (locks from their lovers) and why Mrs. Austin loathed "these hideous trophies one sometimes sees in country houses or city attics...", why, as Charles Berg wrote in 1936 (*International Journal of Psycho-Analysis*), the typical father "cannot bear to see his sons allowing their hair to grow long", and we can understand, all too clearly, why the United Daughters of the Confederacy, to this very day, stand watch over the sacred locks from the head of Jefferson Davis. "These historic filaments," Carson reports, "repose today under tight security at Beauvoir,' the Davis shrine on U.S. 90 midway between Biloxi and Gulfport, Mississippi." We can also understand why certain women prefer hairy men and why others prefer hairless men. "Women who like the male's hairiness (e.g., men with beards)," Charles Berg writes, "are commonly highly heterosexual and not averse to the male sexual organ, while scruples in this respect commonly imply sexual scruples also." And finally, we can understand the following dispatch from Reuters:

Lancing, England, Feb. 11 [1966]. A 15-year-old fan of the Rolling Stones, long-haired entertainers, committed suicide because he had been forced to get a haircut, a coroner here said today.

The boy, Christopher Holligan, was found dead on a railroad line near his home. He had been killed by a train.

Less than two hours earlier his guardian had made him get a "short back and sides" haircut.

As for Joey Bishop's hair transplant and Richard Nixon's touching up his greying hair, Berg explains that "The normal concern or anxiety about the hair becoming thin or falling out, alopecia, or becoming grey are displacements of castration anxiety." It is significant that when a man does get a hair transplant, the transplanted hair is often taken from his pubic region.

The male head-hair = phallus equation further explains why women, and especially men, who comb their hair in public are frowned upon. "The act of combing or brushing our hair," says Charles Berg, "is associated to as a masturbation equivalent." The equation even explains why customarily women, but not men, have long head-hair: women, Berg suggests, are being given "a compensatory indulgence, compensatory for the fantasied genital castration ..." Finally, the equation explains why modern man shaves—to indicate that he has renounced aggressive, invidious, overt sexuality. The all-knowing Charles Berg states: "It is as though the hair which we display in our clothed social state were the only phallus permitted us by society, the only phallus we are permitted to *reveal*. There is the tendency to show how fine it is, to be proud of it and sue for its approval, alternating with a fear lest it should not be approved. The fear is expressed by brushing it flat, by being sure it is tidy, or even by hastening to cut it off ourselves, as in shaving, lest we should suffer still more serious castration at the hands of society." Later on he writes, "There is a tendency for civilized man to brush his hair down flat, and even to guard against the contingency of erection by using various pastes or creams."

American men, curiously, were probably the most clean-shaven, short-haired men in the world until the Beatle revolution. In 1935, a bearded Englishman, Ernest Boyd, visited our shores and was aghast at the sight of "ubiquitously clean-shaven" men and "the astounding spectacle of the national cult of cold razor steel, ..." Why, a hairy man was so uncommon that "a bearded man in America enjoys all the privileges of a bearded woman in the circus." In 1950, Frazier and Lisonbee found that tenth-grade boys were more liable to be ashamed of their facial growth than proud of it. John F. Kennedy, before he ran for the Presidency, drastically trimmed his long head-hair; his brother Robert was frequently criticized for letting his hair grow long. Indeed, no President of the United States has been moustached since Teddy Roosevelt (elected 1912), no President has been bewhiskered since Benjamin Harrison (elected 1889 with a minority of the popular vote). The last *candidate* to be bearded was Harrison, the last candidate to be moustached was Thomas E. Dewey. Why are the great majority of American men still averse to hairiness? One answer is that the great majority of American women, as Charles Berg put it, still have scruples about the phallus, so they still have scruples about a hairy man: no hairy man has even run for the Presidency since women got the vote, and you will recall that many women admitted that they wouldn't vote for Thomas Dewey because of his moustache.

THE SKINHEADS VERSUS THE CAVALIERS

Having concluded our investigation into the complex symbolism of hair, we are now in a position to understand just what the war between the Skinheads and the Cavaliers is all about. A Skinhead, as mentioned, sees a long-haired man, becomes sexually confused (because long hair is a symbol of femininity), and feels that he has been guilty of homosexual yearnings. After identifying the object of his sexual interest as male, the Skinhead proceeds to regard the Cavalier as a Communist, anarchist, Bonapartist, or whatever the latest radicals are (because long hair upon a man = rebellion), to regard the Cavalier as "dirty" (because hair = excrement), and to regard the Cavalier as a sexual rival, someone who is boasting, "Mine is longer than yours" (because hair = the phallus). The Skinhead's response is a gnawing desire to cut off the offending long hair or beard: to castrate the Cavalier (throwing him through a plate-glass window is a perfectly acceptable symbolic gesture).

The Cavalier, in his turn, grows his hair long because he is rebellious, because he is not so worried and anxious about whether he is male or not, because he is not hung up on anality and because he is proud of his genitality. Charles Berg put it succinctly: When we attend preserve, or love our hair, we are expressing in displace form our appreciation of, and pleasure in, our genital sexuality. When we remove, cut, or control our hair we are giving expression to reaction formations against the genital (and anal) libido."

The Skinhead-Cavalier controversy, then, is no temporary altercation, like the Thirty Years' War, but symbolic of the age-old antagonism between the healthy and the neurotic, between Self-Actualizing people and Self-Strangling people. And even though the Skinheads vastly outnumber the Cavaliers, and even though John Lennon has cut his head-hair short and even though Ringo Starr is quoted in *Look* as saying, "Long hair is going out for me," as long as the spirit of rebellion breathes in the human breast, as long as there are men and women who have satisfactorily passed from the anal phase of sexuality to the genital phase of sexuality, there will be men eager to grow hair on their faces and long hair upon their heads, and there will be women who appreciate and value such men.

THIS IS THE THIRD IN A SERIES ENTITLED THE LUST BATTALION: SEXUAL ADVENTURES OF THE AVANT-GARDE

JACK THE RAPER

BY GARY YOURE

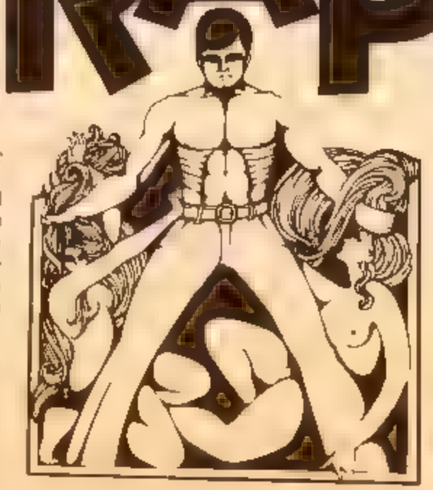


ILLUSTRATION BY BILL GREER

During the summer of 1958, thirty-three women received the unsolicited attentions of a "tall, dark man of boyish good looks and affability" (in the words of one victim) who introduced himself as "Creole." Following an attack, he often left the lady an incredible note, and further distinguished himself as a most unusual rapist by phoning later for a friendly chat. Creole's assaults were accomplished by a variety of techniques which excluded use of drugs, violence (other than a bear hug when warranted), and threats of violence. When a woman evidenced to his satisfaction "that she didn't really want it," he let her go unravished. He was never reported to the police, and his activities never came to the attention of the news media. It was through a chance meeting with one of his victims, plus the subsequent discovery that a mutual friend had been a friend of mine, that Creole's story became known to me.

In August of that summer I had left the French Quarter beatnik scene and moved to a small apartment on City Park Avenue where, beginning September first, I had a teaching position in a private boys' school which was located in the old McFadden Mansion in City Park. The school was about a ten-minute walk from my new apartment. Late one afternoon I was returning home from a pre-school faculty meeting when, crossing a narrow bridge over a branch of the park lagoon, I heard a rustling in the jungle of hibiscus and honeysuckle bordering the lagoon. Whatever was happening in there had apparently reached a climax because a few seconds later the dark form of a man emerged. Avoiding the lamplight at the foot of the bridge, he ambled off into the shadows. A few more seconds went by and a woman emerged, adjusting her skirt. I remained quietly leaning on the bridge rail as she passed quickly under the lamp standard and started over the bridge. She stopped when she saw me, and yelled, "Look, you, if you don't go now I'm really going to yell!" I said, "Mam?" She stepped closer and squinted. "Oh, it's not you. It's not *him!*" I said, "Is something wrong?" and she stepped up and grabbed my arm. "I've been assaulted, quick, do you live near here? I have to get to a bathroom *quick*," she said urgently. She was a beautiful young brunette with an over-ripeness made evident by the blouse she had not yet buttoned. "Quick," she repeated, tugging at my arm.

I borrowed a hot water bottle from my landlady and sat in the kitchen with a fifth of bourbon, berating myself for not investigating the rustling in the bushes and possibly saving the lovely girl who was douching in my bathroom. I felt doubly bad for not having tackled the rapist, or at least getting a good look at him. Had that encounter taken place one of us might have died of surprise, if nothing else—at the least, the bonds of a two-year friendship would have been seriously strained.

Soon after moving to the French Quarter in 1956, I met one of its best known and most notorious residents, Jack Galatoire, con artist, self-styled hypnotist, lay psychologist (no pun intended), and some-time plumbing contractor who didn't know a faucet washer from a wedding ring. Jack dressed well, if a shade on the flashy side, and had similar tastes in automobiles, women, and apartments. Jack changed cars, women, and residences about as often as he changed suits. He also played a mean game of chess—which was the basis of our friendship. Even after hearing several rapee's descriptions of "Creole," the remarkable similarity to Jack Galatoire never connected in my mind, and we went on playing chess every week or so, to my complete ignorance of the range of his activities. There was no good reason to suspect him, for during this period Jack was sharing a cozy apartment with two American Airlines stewardesses, each of whom was in on alternate nights, each of whom Jack was in on alternate nights. He needed to commit rape like H.L. Hunt needs to siphon gasoline from a neighbor's car.

"I couldn't believe what was happening," said June, emptying her purse on my kitchen table. "I mean he was suddenly kissing and undressing me and on top of me and *in* me, and I couldn't believe it was happening!" She was a junior at Sophie Newcomb College (for women) and a contributor to the school's literary magazine. She had been invited to a cocktail party that evening for "young New Orleans artists," at the old McFadden Mansion in City Park. The invitation was signed "Truman Capote." She had gotten off the bus at the stop near my apartment, and had met a "sculptor" who was also going to the party, he offered to accompany her through the park. "He was a tall, dark man with boyish good looks and affability... forcefully charming." He took her hand as they crossed the bridge and on the other side she was led swiftly into the hibiscus and honeysuckle. "He held me so tight I could just barely breathe, and it was so dark and dizzy..." June's undetailed account struck me as less a rape than the fastest lay in make-out history, but I reserved that opinion until later and told her that the McFadden Mansion was a private school, not an artists' ballroom. From her reaction to this news it was evident that being raped was less an affront to her dignity than being made a fool of. She wouldn't believe it, and protested vigorously until we matched the signatures on the party invitation with a note the rapist had left in her purse. In both "Capote" and "Creole" the "C" looked like a "V" on its side—like a spearhead. It had been a well-planned campaign. The note said:

Dear June,

Don't worry, I am sterile. You can call [a list of phone numbers] and they will assure you that they didn't get burnt (VD) or pregnant. Hope you enjoyed it as much as I did. Will call later.

Love,

Creole

June's address book was missing from her purse, the implications of which we overlooked because she was so shocked by the arrogance of the rapist's note. June wiped away an angry tear from one lovely blue eye, and snapped sardonically, "Considerate, isn't he?" I drove her home and accepted an invitation to dinner the following evening. She had rejected all my insistence that we call the police.

When I arrived June had dialed several of the numbers on the note and had spoken with four women who had been similarly entertained by Creole. All denied having been hurt, infected, or impregnated by him, and true to his word, he had phoned each of them. June said that three of these women had volunteered details of their attack, in terms "more fondly than traumatically remembered." It seemed that our rapist had a fan club composed of his victims. Not one of the ladies June called had reported the matter to the police. I suppose they felt, like June, "that it's just too personal a matter." After dinner, I had to hear one of Creole's numbers for myself. With the phone between us, I held the note and June dialed. First a man answered and she hung up (probably a boyfriend—or a new husband, for, I was to learn, Creole avoided married women). After a no-answer and a couple of busy signals we reached a lady who said, "Don't call me any more, call the police or a priest, but not me any more." Our next contact was much more cooperative and had obviously assured several fellow-victims, for she sighed and took off like a recording. While walking her dog in Audubon Park she had met this handsome young Frenchman, or Spaniard, who liked poodles. He had accompanied her along a narrow path by the park lake to a grassy, secluded spot where he stooped to pet the poodle while talking charmingly to her, then he was petting her and talking charmingly to the poodle. "In a blink," the lady was being had, her dog gone, leash and all. Creole had phoned her twice since. "He was the kindest man I ever met," the lady said.

June thanked her for the testimony and hung up. "What'll I say, what'll I do when he calls me?" she wanted to know, more upset over the prospective phone call than her recent rape. We decided that I should stay with her until the call came, and that perhaps we would set a trap—like invite him over and have the police waiting. Something like that. As the evening lengthened we forgot Creole, however, and on the following evening, when he finally did call, I grabbed the phone from June, totally bereft of objectivity and let loose a string of invective that blew any chance of trapping him. Creole laughed and hung up on me and June gave me hell for the "vile things" I had called the rapist. "He only wanted to talk," she scolded.

Meanwhile Creole made use of June's address book. We were having a late breakfast the following morning when Dolores, one of her sorority sisters, phoned. Dolores was outraged that June's "boyfriend" had just tried to rape her in the kitchen. "Why did you give this sex fiend my address?" Dolores wanted to know and hung up before June could explain. She couldn't call back because she didn't remember Dolores' unlisted number. Strike one friend. Strike another. Cathy, a Newcomb art student who had a small studio on Chartres Street where she did tourists' portraits, called that evening. A "well-dressed, darkly good-looking and athletic" man had come to the studio on June's recommendation, to have his portrait done. While voicing praise for a number of Cathy's paintings hanging about, the man had casually undressed and seated himself buck naked and professionally posed on a low stool, still jabbering about what a fine portraitist Cathy was. She had painted nude males before in art class, not in her studio, and they had always worn at least a jock strap. Cathy was too embarrassed, however, to object, and besides business was bad. Before she had touched brush to canvas, her subject had developed an unprofessional erection which he made no effort to conceal. Cathy averted her head and handed him a rag to cover it, but he took her hand instead and then took her to a couch and took her. "I was like hypnotized," said Cathy. "He stripped and shafted me, mumbling the sweetest line of shit I ever heard. When I tried to yell, he kissed me and I couldn't struggle away because he was too strong, and then he

like just came and went, *fast* and goddammit, you give my address to any more of your bunnyrabbit studs and I'll sic a couple guys I know on you, like I don't *have* to be raped and when I'm set up to paint I don't even want to get *laid*'"

June spent the rest of the evening calling from memory and the New Orleans directory as many remaining friends as she could remember from the address book She warned everyone she contacted that the address book had been stolen and that the thief might try to "approach" them From her description of the "thief," I judged that the warning would open more doors than it closed One of June's roommates returned from summer vacation the following day Sue was a lovely little redhead who looked a lot like Shirley MacLaine. She was the youngest daughter of a wealthy Baton Rouge insurance executive and had led a sheltered life which, June translated into terms more meaningful to me, "You can't spend any more nights here, Gary." So June went to my apartment that night, which was the night that Creole chose to return the address book -after calling first and discovering that Sue was home alone So June recovered her address book and sweet Sue lost her cherry 'He en-*enveloped* me... " Sue explained, gesticulating "It was so *existential*, I-I still don't know what to think . " I knew what to think and handed her the telephone. but no, she'd rather "die first" than call the police. "I'm not hurt, really, I-I just don't know what to think " Now I really knew what to think especially when June sided with her alleged y fresh-raped roommate We all lost our heads in the ensuing argument which ended (as did my brief love affair) when I shouted, "You chicks weren't raped, you were *laid* by this cat'

Under the law a woman must press charges against a man before he can be charged with rape unless she's under age or a certified moron, in which case the State assumes that responsibility. Otherwise a rapist can "screw 'em all" with the implied blessings of the legal system. This I learned from the desk sergeant to whom I spoke by phone, and who seemed more interested in me than in Creole whose existence he frankly doubted Consequently I let the matter drop and tried to forget about it My school opened the following week, and the rigorous routine of trying to teach adolescent boys to be good citizens helped. By January, June and Creole's other "victims" rarely entered my mind. and during that four months I must have had a dozen chess games with Jack Galatoire without ever bringing up the subject As I have mentioned Jack considered himself something of a psychologist and I supposed that any mention of a "considerate rapist" would have inspired him to analyze the story as a development of rape fantasies I was nourishing I based this supposition on previous discussions of sex with Jack He considered himself the greatest cocksman since Solomon and delighted in exposing the horns of less fortunate friends. Shortly after New Year Jack left the two airline stewardesses and I didn't see him again for a month I heard about him though

First there was the rumor that Jack was getting married in a private ceremony at St Louis Cathedral The rumor proved true when Jack threw a big party at his new patio apartment on Ursuline Street, which turned out to be the wedding reception. The party had already spilled out into the street when I arrived It was like a small-scale Mardi Gras, appropriate according to a consensus of revelers, for a marriage that would last about the length of a Lenten season I went home after an hour or so, without getting to see the bride and groom and that night June called

"Guess what," said June "You miss me " said I Not quite Her roommate, Sue, had gotten married that day and she, June, had been maid of honor Creole was the groom Creole had dropped by again one night while June was out, and had forced his attentions on Sue again In fact he had forced them repeatedly throughout the night and by morning the two had grown quite close and decided to get married I interrupted June's gushing testimony of how good Sue had been for the ex-rapist to ask what his real name was, having been struck suddenly breathless with a heavy suspicion She wouldn't tell me "I only called to let you know how wrong you were about him He's really such a sweet ." "Is it Jack Galatoire by any chance?" I asked Her silence confirmed the suspicion and I said, "They don't have to worry, I won't tell anybody " June sighed and we hung up by silent mutual consent

Sue was washing the dinner dishes when I entered, Jack had been spraying insecticide on the banana trees in the patio Their apartment reflected Sue's upstate Republican tastes rather than the decor of a first-class whorehouse parlor with which Jack usually surrounded himself Since I didn't know whether Sue knew that I knew her husband was Creole the rapist, and that I had known him all along as Jack Galatoire, and since Jack was probably unaware that I knew his dual identity or that I knew Sue and knew the circumstances surrounding their marriage, and since it was obvious from the moment that I entered the apartment that each of us knew something that perhaps the other two didn't know, it is understatement to say that a certain awkwardness attended the introductions. Jack introduced me as an old friend of his, and Sue and I pretended not to have met before She returned quickly to her dishes and Jack and I settled down in the livingroom for a game of chess. The silence that followed was as awkward as the introductions had been.

Jack's ivory chess set of which he was justly proud, was the only surviving relic of his past. It was hand-carved from the tusks of the biggest bull elephant in African history, and worth eight thousand dollars, he had often reminded me some rich lady had given it to him as a reward for a superior plumbing job, he liked to add. The pawns were nude male figurines with impressive little erections, the knights were centaurs, the bishops satyrs, with impressive larger erections. The rooks were scaled replicas of a famous (and still existing) four-story Iberville Street whorehouse The queens were a matched pair of big-breasted Amazons with hands arrogantly placed on their wide, forward-thrusting hips, knees spread and no detail spared in their gaping labia which, Jack loved to demonstrate on an opponent's queen, could easily accommodate the biggest hardon on the board (the knight's, The kings were fat, winking eunuchs wearing enigmatic grins. Jack was soon wearing the special, irritating grin which he effected at the onset of probable victory There is probably no game that approaches chess in ego involvement, the smirk of the winner and the scowl of the loser reveal that beneath the facade of a friendly game of wits lurks the smoldering blood lust which no amount of cool intelligence can conquer Better chess than war, though or rape. Jack caught my king and queen in a knight fork, forcing the loss of my Amazon a move which he embellished by inserting his knight's ivory phallus into my queen's most prominent feature and lifting her from the board, with an appropriate remark. Jack and I were fairly evenly matched at chess and a game was seldom over so quickly, in my own defense, I have to say that my mind was less on the game than on how to tell Jack that I knew about his real-life checkmating activities. When his grin broke into a laugh and he said "You're fucked, Youree," I replied, "Good move, *Creole* '

A shotgun blast couldn't have removed his arrogant expression more quickly nor could a team of the best plastic surgeons have as speedily replaced it Jack said "What's that supposed to mean, you jerk?" I grinned back at him and let all the pussycats come leaping from the bag. Jack was visibly shaken, a condition I had never seen him in before Sue came in from the kitchen, making knots of her apron and asked nervously who won No doubt she had been listening Jack said that it was a stalemate and they both looked at me like it was my move I shrugged and consoled them with ' If a woman doesn't mind being raped, I don't mind keeping my mouth shut about who did it " They were both much relieved only Jack was obliged to correct me on my choice of language He didn't like the word "rape," and Sue, coming to his defense, substituted "forced attentions." Jack sought to explain himself by picking up his queen and waving it in my face with the invitation to stick a pawn in her The old you-can't-stick-a-cork-in-a-moving-bottle routine I declined another game and went home The phone was ringing when I got there Jack wanted me to come back the next evening he had a business proposition

"You're a writer, aren't you, Youree?" said Jack, before I had stepped inside I had had some poems and short stories published in "little" magazines during my beatnik days The Galatoires wanted to leave the country go somewhere where they would be free of Jack's past, but they needed money So Jack would tell me the story of Creole, I would write a book about it, and we would split the proceeds 25-75 Guess who was to get the 75 "There's two of us and only one of you," Jack explained He further explained that he would like to have written it himself, but writing wasn't one of his talents, and anyway the notoriety would defeat his purpose. It was he who supplied the pseudonym "Jack Galatoire," and the pseudonym's pseudonym, "Creole." It was more out of curiosity than conviction that a book would result that I gathered with the newlyweds around a tape recorder on the coffee table It took four long evenings and nine reels of tape to record Creole's detailed accounts of his "forced attentions" on thirty-three women. each of whom was entered in a diary along with address, telephone number, and place of conquest, and to which he occasionally referred as a prod to his memory during the taping

Like so many hobbies and careers in which people get involved, Jack became a rapist by accident He had contracted to install an extra shower in one of the new homes on Lake Pontchartrain, and, as was his custom, had gone to the Irish Channel (New Orleans' skid row) to lure a couple of bums who knew something about plumbing (Jack had a so-gotten into the plumbing business by accident but that's another story). Having found a pair of winos, both of whom claimed to be journeymen plumbers, he gave them a night to sober up and sent them on ahead with his truck and tools the next morning a few hours later he drove out in his girlfriend's Jaguar to supervise Seeing his truck parked in front of a pseudo neo-colonial mansion, he entered, without knocking, at the rear and after a brief search located a downstairs bathroom in which the lady of the house was taking a bath when he blundered in According to Jack, the lady yelled, "Oh please, don't hurt me take whatever you want but just don't hurt me " He said that he tried to explain that he was the plumbing contractor and not a rapist or a robber or anything like that, but she got out of the tub still imploring and not listening. So he gave her what she expected, on the bathmat, and split. The winos were in the right house, across the street, "fucking up the wrong closet," said Jack Incidentally, he does not include this lady in the bathroom among the thirty-three recipients of his forced attentions since their coupling resulted from a misunderstanding. However, this episode, ironically, more neatly fits the definition of rape in my *Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary* than any of the other cases I investigated I quote. "Rape. the unlawful carnal knowledge of a woman by a man without her consent and chiefly by force or *deception*" [my italics]

After relating the above incident, Jack used the remainder of the first reel of tape giving a lengthy rationale for his subsequent invasion of New Orleans women. The gist of it was as follows He had always been attractive to women and had never had much trouble making out The women that came easy he didn't enjoy, and those who offered a little resistance he seldom enjoyed either, because the resistance usually took the form of various games which he considered boring and dishonest The consequence was that Jack had lost all feeling for women, but having a healthy sexual appetite he was constrained to go on making out, "getting more and more and enjoying it less and less." His experience with the lady in the bathroom had been a revelation to him. 'It was a good clean fuck with no bullshit about it," Jack reminisced. "Like I went away *feeling* something for that broad " It had been his opinion all along that when a man and woman met and found one another attractive, the first thing they should do was have sexual intercourse, "and then if they still feel like bullshitting around they can do it honestly because they want to You know the only broads I ever felt like talking to, and listening to, were the ones I had nailed first " (Meaning the ones he had raped) He decided to rape another woman soon after the bathroom incident because he felt that that act had restored a measure of his humanity "It would be like therapy." And what about the victim? "Broads really want to cut the bullshit too Youree, but society won't let them tell a man they meet for the first time. 'Hey, let's make it,' so they get repressed and it comes out in rape fantasies guys have them too of course, fantasies of raping broads. but I guess you know all about that " Jack claimed the ability to detect the women who really wanted to be raped, and swore that those were the only ones who received his attentions He admits to having been a little hasty at the beginning of his therapy, and grabbing a few women whom he misjudged, "but I always let them go I never threatened and I never hit a broad Now and then I held one sort of tight until she realized she really wanted it, and by the time I met my wife I was batting about eight-fifty What's more, a good eight or ten of the thirty three broads I connected with had orgasms that's a better percentage than among married women." Creole's brief, busy career ended soon after Sue (the only virgin in the bunch) Jack couldn't get her off his mind He phoned her repeatedly and she always hung up on him Finally, he went back to see her (which he had never done before) gaining admittance to the apartment only after he promised just to talk He broke the promise raped her again and then broke down "I like cried " Big-hearted Sue consoled him in his remorse, but the consolation had an erotic effect and he nailed her again (Sue admitted that this time it was a cooperative undertaking, as were several other couplings during the night)

Creole preluded the account of his first planned rape with " a word of advice to you horny jerks who will read this and be tempted to imitate me." I include his advice here, *verbatim* as a public service. "You'd have to be like me to get away with it and nobody like me, if there is anybody like me, is reading this. So forget it. Rapists know nothing about women and usually have to beat one up to get her still and then the rapist I should say would-be rapist can't get a hardon often as not and he beats the woman again on account of that. You'll just hurt or kill a broad and spend the rest of your horny life in prison unless you get your rocks off in the electric chair. So jerk off, see a doctor, buy yourself a piece, or get married. Or repeat a hundred times every day, 'There's more to life than sex.'"

Creole chose the complex of universities on St. Charles Avenue—Tulane, Sophie Newcomb and Loyola—for his first assault. Students with cars parked them on St. Charles and in a block-long parking lot in adjoining Audubon Park, which was hidden from the avenue by a row of high shrubbery. After 3:00 p.m. about half of the parking spaces here were vacated, and there was little activity until 7:00 p.m. when the lot was refilled with the cars of evening students. For two days Creole parked here around 4:00 p.m. and observed, on each of these days a tall, willowy, sun-browned blonde entered the lot and sat in her blue Hillman Minx a little before 5:00, where she smoked a cigarette and "just sort of stared around" before departing. On the third day Creole was parked next to the Hillman when its owner arrived. "Halfway through her cigarette she noticed I was watching her, and when she finished it, she lit another one. I knew I could have gone over and bullshitted her and had her in bed by night, but I could also see that she had been through that silly game before and was as weary of it as I was, so I got out of my car, went around to the driver's side of hers and opened the door and scooted her over. She said, 'Hey, now,' and I held up one finger and waved it with my old hypnotism routine which has worked a lot of times. I mean chicks would pretend to be hypnotized as an excuse for getting laid, only they never were; hypnotism doesn't work like that—but I only did it this time to divert attention from my other hand which was going up between her legs. She clamped her thighs down on it and said 'Hey, now' again, and I said 'Let's get these panties off and your left leg over the back of the seat.' She just stared at me in a kind of mock shock, and I gave her my best smile. Creole demonstrated] and ripped off her panties. She had plenty of fingernails but she never used them, and she never yelled—in fact she didn't even say anything more than 'Hey, now' a few more times, it was tough going in the front seat of that little car, but I finally got her knees shoved against her titties and worked them in to the beat of her fists on my head and shoulders. When I popped she had wisted us around and thrown her leg over the seat back to get more comfortable, and was holding on tight to my upper arms like it was a roller coaster ride or something, you know like it was scary but thrilling. I wish I could have waited another minute—she might have really let go like the next one did. Pamela was her name. I traced it through her license number and called her the next evening but she hung up on me.

Creole found out his next victims' names in advance. "It made it a little more personal." Attack number two also occurred in the Audubon Park parking area. Myriene was also blonde but shorter and "softer" than Pamela. Myriene was an evening student at Loyola who parked at 6:00 p.m. and departed shortly before 8:00. She returned one evening to discover a flat front tire which Creole had provided for her, and which he thoughtfully changed. "It was a wonderful icebreaker." He let the hubcap roll under the car and pretended not to know where it was. "She got on her knees and reached under the car for it, and I reached under her." Myriene had struggled less, but had been more vocal. "She said, 'Oh, oh, what are you doing, hey, oh, what are you doing,' that sort of thing but not too loud, really. I took her in that position from behind, spread her legs on either side of mine so it made kind of a wheelbarrow of her body like she had to keep her hands on the ground. I was very gentle and sweettalked her, and pretty soon she cradled her head in her arms and took it like a woman in fact she came a few seconds before I did. Tried to hide it, but I could tell. When I phoned her a couple of nights later she said she'd like to see me again, only she had a boyfriend."

I was shaking my head when Jack finished relating the above rapes and his wife had already left the room. It had been incredible and embarrassing for both of us, listening to her husband's shameless—even cheerful—confessions. While putting on another tape I asked Jack what he had said to these girls after raping them, and what they had said to him. After correcting me again on my choice of language he said that there hadn't been much conversation. "It was a little awkward afterward." Pamela said, 'Now get out of my car you son of a bitch' and I told her like I was to tell all of them that I'm sterile. I am, by the way. Had the mumps when I was seventeen. Told them all of them that it had been a meaningful experience and I hoped in some way it was for them too. Myriene told me that I shouldn't have to get girls that way, good looking and charming as I was; most of the broads gave me some kind of a lecture like that." Creole laughed then and recalled one lady, his oldest victim who turned out to be the lady whose testimony June and I had heard on the phone together.

This was in Audubon Park too, about a month after Myriene; during that time I had been making hits in City Park and at Lake Pontchartrain. Anyway, I was driving through Audubon and saw this lady walking her dog; she was about forty but fine, man." His approach was essentially as the lady had described it. What she had omitted was, "She told me that this was 'hardly the proper place' and invited me to her home; said she was a widow and lived alone. She was the most cooperative of all the broads, and also the most nervous. Afraid somebody would see us. Afterward, I helped her find her dog, turned down another invitation to go home with her—you don't know who to trust—and we've had some good talks on the phone since then. The broad had class."

At this point I had to satisfy my curiosity about Creole's encounter with June. I hadn't told him of the extent of my involvement with her, although it was probable that Sue had. I reminded him that the lady with the dog had been one of the women June had called from the list of numbers on his note, but was interrupted before I could phrase my question. Creole laughed. "You started making it with her didn't you?" I replied that the question was irrelevant. Creole laughed again and said that June had been the easiest one of all and the one he had gone to the most trouble for. I'd been observing her for about a week, but could never get her positioned, so I hatched up that phony invitation on my time. I ever did that. June was about as phony as my party invitation though; when we were crossing that bridge she was quoting one of her poems. You ever hear her poetry? Ugh! And then she giggled like it was some kind of game when I took her into the bushes by that lagoon—hey, what did she tell you?"

"Just go on," I replied evenly.

"I said 'look, I'm going to fuck you,'" said Creole enjoying himself immensely, "so shut up." And she did. I told her to undress and she undressed, and then I made her go down on me first—now and then I would do that if the chick didn't look too carnivorous. June turned out to be a very oral girl. She

If he was telling the truth Creole confirmed my suspicion that June had not exactly been raped. Only after a completed relation had he been forced to contain a few "token struggles" on her part while he "reloaded" for a vaginal assault, and her resistance at this stage of the seige was prompted by a fear of pregnancy rather than the dictates of virtue. According to Creole, June had been quite frustrated when he climaxed a second time, before she was ready, and when he offered to give her a "hand job" she lost her temper and "reverted," meaning she decided that she had been raped. Only then did she threaten to yell. That was about when I came in.

Creole made two other hits in the lady's room adjoining the tennis courts at City Park, both times at high noon. "Chicks are scared at night, broad daylight is the best time." In a week's time he scored five times in the shallow waters of Lake Pontchartrain. "It was the best place I found, the only problem being that it's not so good in the water. I'd sit on the seawall with this blown-up truck inner tube which has room for two inside. I'd catch the eye of two or three fine little chicks wearing those drawstring bikinis and then swim out and get the one I'd decided on into the inner tube with me—we'd swim out a ways and I'd pull the strings and have her bikini bottom before you can unzip your fly. A couple of the chicks I got like that wouldn't have come across without a lot of hassle under other conditions, and maybe I did sort of threaten them like no chick wants to be left in the water with a bare ass. I had to quit Pontchartrain, though, after a chick I had hit on saw me in the tube with another and knew what was happening."

In the course of transcribing the tapes I detected certain patterns of behavior among Creole's victims, and have broadly categorized them as "Resisters," "Partial Resisters," and "Non-Resisters," or "Submitters." These number fifteen, nine, and nine respectively, although admittedly my analysis is arbitrary since few of the women fit perfectly into any one category. For instance, the four Resisters who relied more on vocal than physical resistance might be placed in the Partial Resister category by another investigator's standards, while at least one Submitter might fit into one of the Resister categories. Once undressed she crossed her arms, closed her eyes, and went rigid particularly in the sphincteral muscles of her vagina. Creole gained entry only by threatening sodomy—a measure he did resort to with a Partial Resister. One Resister further more begged to be allowed to insert her diaphragm despite Creole's assurance that he was sterile, and after the insertion (she happened to have it in her purse) she continued to resist. A case could be made for placing her in the Partial Resister if not the Submitter category. Finally, another Submitter, after having thoroughly cooperated to the extent of enjoying a simultaneous climax with Creole, kneed him in the groin and ran after they had dressed—where does that place her? Considering that our rapist allowed the really convincing resistors to escape unharmed, I suppose there are some cynics who would suggest that my Resister categories are meaningless and that all thirty-three ravished women were, ipso facto, Submitters.

Had I not already heard verification from three of his victims, I wouldn't have believed a word of Creole's story after all. Jack Galatoire was no champion of the truth. Still, I felt that interviews with as many of the other women as possible would be necessary to give our book authenticity. Creole agreed, and using his diary, began calling and setting up the interviews. Unfortunately, he was far less successful in getting the women to talk than he had been in getting them to copulate. I ended up with six appointments, three of whom were the fans June had spoken with (including the lady with the poodle). Without telling Creole, I also interviewed June's artist friend, Cathy, who was one of the few (including the Lake Pontchartrain girls) whom he had not called later. Below are excerpts from three of these planned interviews, chosen according to my categories to be followed by my revealing chat with Cathy.

Beverly was a graduate student in the Psychology Department at Tulane University, an ex-model, divorced, brunette, typically beautiful, aged 26.

Beverly
I think I had seen him somewhere before. I told him I hadn't called about any plumbing work but he was already in the house. He was so nice and charming, I offered him a cup of coffee...suddenly he was holding me.

Me
How did you react?

Beverly
I tried reasoning with him—psych's my field you know—but he was too fast and smooth-talk about psych he didn't talk it so much as he used it". I think I screamed, I don't remember but I remember fighting him...It didn't work though, I mean he was too much for me.

Me
But you continued to struggle?

Beverly
To the bitter end, mister.

Me
Did he hurt you?

Beverly
He hurt my pride—oh, he didn't beat me or anything (pauses and looks away)

Me
Did he threaten you?

Beverly
(Shakes her head)

Me
Did you call the police when it was over?

Beverly
(Sardonically) What good would that have done?

Me
Did he leave a note and call you later?

Beverly
(Nods) I threw the note away, and when he called I strongly suggested that he get psychiatric help—he needs it you know. As a friend of his, you should encourage him.

Me
Please don't take offense, Beverly, but since I'm a psychologist, perhaps you can tell me honestly: Was the experience altogether unpleasant?

Beverly
(Laughs and shakes her head) You better not use my real name in this book—you're writing? (Laughs again) Well, does that answer your question?

Clarice was a saucy, honeyblonde dictaphone operator, aged 19, a gum chewer.

Clarice
You want me in a book—you gonna use my name? Okay. It happened like he came asking about vacancies in the house or something, he knew my name, and boy what a line all of a sudden, the bastard...

Me:
Were you frightened?

Clarice:
Oh no, like I get raped every day, what do you mean was I frightened—how would you like it if...

Me:
And you finally quit struggling after he got you down on the couch?

Clarice:
Well, he had my robe off and well he had me in a position I couldn't do much about.

Me:
Did you scream?

Clarice:
(Shakes her head and lights a cigarette)

Me:
Why?

Clarice:
I don't know why—guess I wasn't as scared then (looks quizzically at me). It's funny, but he was so damn calm, I mean you'd think a raper [sic] would be drooly and frantic and scary like, and not care if he hurt you, but this-this Creole...he asked me if I was ready before he—did what he did—and he was saying nice things, you know—hey, you know him, huh? (I nodded) Well you can just write that this Creole was a nice enough raper if there is such a thing; he even left me a silly note and called me on the phone later....

Me:
Did you call the police?

Clarice:
No.

Me:
Are you sorry it happened?

Clarice:
(Blushes) Aw get out of here....

Clarice showed me Creole's note—except for her name, it was identical to the one he had left June. She wouldn't discuss what they had said when he phoned.

Wanda was an elementary school teacher, pretty, with a nice, unassuming figure, aged 22.

Wanda:
I noticed him when Betty—my friend—and I were playing tennis; he was watching us, you know, like men do, and I remember wondering which one of us he would approach when the match was over....I mean, you know how it is—a single girl likes to meet nice guys, and he looked very nice....

Me:
So what did you think when he came in the ladies' room?

Wanda:
(Shrugs) I don't know what I thought—nothing I guess—I mean, this sounds silly, but I was thinking about him when I was changing, hoping I could get dressed and out before Betty got to him—Betty lives nearby and goes home to change—so when he came in I didn't think about it being the dressing room, and I was too glad to see him to think about it....I was sure he had made a mistake coming in and, well, I—it's very confusing....

Me:
What did you do?

Wanda:
I didn't have any clothes on—I tried to cover myself—I think I said something dumb—it was kind of a shock when he didn't get embarrassed and apologize and leave quickly....

Me:
Did it frighten you when he didn't leave?

Wanda:
Suddenly he was hugging and kissing me and—well, you know the rest. I guess he's told you—what did he say, anyway?

Me:
He didn't go into details.

Wanda:
Has he—has he done a lot of girls like this?

Me:
Haven't any of them phoned you?

Wanda:
One did—to find out if I had called the police or got pregnant, or knew if anybody did—but that's not a lot. Say, is this really going to be in a book?

Me:
Please don't be offended, Wanda, but did you willingly submit to Creole?

Wanda:
Is that his real name?

Me:
No.

Wanda:
(Looking down) Okay, since you're not using my name, I found him terribly attractive from the moment I first noticed him—it was upsetting, of course, the way it happened in there, and I would certainly have preferred it another way, but...

Me:
I understand.

Wanda:
Look, for the record, understand that he raped me—I didn't struggle or anything, it's true—I guess he told you that—I felt like I had to let him. After all, I didn't know what lengths he would go to if I resisted—so even if I might have wanted to, I really had no choice, now did I?

Me:
Creole tells me that if a girl convinced him of her unwillingness that he let her go. If you had known this, would you have still submitted?

Wanda:
(Reflectively) I would have asked him to let us get to know each other first; I mean, anyway, who wants to do it on a public restroom floor?

Me:
Did you talk when it was over?

Wanda:
(Nods) He took me home in his car—called me later....

Me:
How would you rate this experience, Wanda? Was it...

Wanda:
Look, this is embarrassing—after all it's personal, you know—whatever he told you is probably true. (Creole told me that Wanda had gone wild and climaxed twice—I didn't pursue the question.)

Me:
Is there anything you'd like to add, Wanda, about...

Wanda:
Look, it's getting late and I have a date tonight—would you mind...

I dropped in on Cathy at her studio without calling first, and to my great surprise recognized her—as Katherine, of a one night love affair during my French Quarter days. It took her a moment longer to recognize me. "I used to stay stoned," she explained. The world grew even smaller when I explained the purpose of my visit. "Creole, hell—I thought that cat looked familiar when he conned me that day. His name's Jack-something—Galatoire. Before that it was LeGrand and before that who knows? I placed him a few days later—funny, isn't it? He didn't recognize me either; hey, does he remember now? Is that really why he sent you?....Yeah, I made it with him a couple years ago, once, like with you....Jack's sick, you know. He's a psychopath—has no interest in anybody but himself. Oh, he has a sweet come-on, even when he's raping you. He's like a baby, and like a baby he thinks the world out here is his goody. Yeah, he raped me—I was stoned that day too, or I might have recognized him. Funny, huh—hey turn that thing off [the tape recorder]—I don't dig machines." (Tape off)

Cathy-Katherine rambled on about Jack-Creole-LeGrand-Galatoire until a middle-aged tourist couple ventured in for portraits, and I departed.

I think Cathy was stoned that day too—but her analysis of our hero was in my opinion nearer the truth than others I had heard—unless it was his own wife's frightening appraisal. There was definitely something of the baby in Jack Galatoire—that helpless quality that could open your heart while he picked your pocket or, if you were female, ripped off your panties.

Upon reflection, I doubt that there was much qualitative difference between his rapes and his more socially acceptable conquests—if anything, the raped women were probably more fortunate. After transcribing the tapes I visited the Galatoire residence and found Sue home alone. Jack was out selling real estate. "His first honest job," Sue said happily, "and he's making money, too!" Less happily she confided later, "Jack's good to me, and I love him, but he scares me—outside of physical pain and pleasure he doesn't have any real feelings. He doesn't even dream when he sleeps—says he never had a dream and doesn't know what people mean when they talk about them. That's weird. When I make him talk about his beliefs and feelings about things, he fakes it—tries to say what he thinks will please me. Do you understand what I'm saying? I mean, Jack tries to be a human being, but the deeper you probe into him the more you get the scary feeling that there's nobody there..."

I came back a week later to discuss a host of problems that had arisen in outlining our book, but there was nobody home. Days passed and nobody ever answered the phone; a note I left in the mailbox went unanswered. Neighbors professed ignorance of the couple's whereabouts—nobody in the Quarter seemed to know where they were. Sue's friends hadn't heard from her; June tried to call Sue's parents in Baton Rouge, but the number was unlisted. A letter to them was never answered. When I moved to New York two years later, the Galatoires were still missing. About three years ago, a mutual friend called to report a rumor that was circulating in the Quarter. Jack Galatoire had been stabbed to death in California—where there, by whom, and for what, he didn't know—nor was it known whether he and Sue had remained together. I had already given up the book as a dead project, and the news of Jack's death (whether true or not) buried it. Ten years had passed when Avant-Garde announced its "Lust Battalion" series of articles, and I immediately thought of Creole, dug into my files, and exhumed the tape transcription. This brief account of his story is submitted for what it's worth to psychologists, moralists, sociologists, the prurient-minded, and others; to those who remember him (fondly or otherwise) by whatever name, and as an epitaph.

SEX PPEAL

The editors of Avant-Garde do hereby issue an appeal to readers of this magazine to submit to them, for publication, manuscripts describing their most memorable sexual adventures. The object is to create a series of narratives entitled "The Lust Battalion: Sexual Adventures of the Avant-Garde."

The third installment of this Space-Age Decameron begins on page 54 of this issue.

The manuscript you send may be as long or as short as you like, and the only rule governing prose form is that the piece must be written in the first person. You may wish to pour the new wine of your experience into the shapely old bottle of the true-life erotic form, as exemplified by Frank Harris; or you may, like Henry Miller, adopt a style that is intensely personal. If you like, you may simply describe your experience in the form of a letter. The important thing is that the experience described *must be true*. It may be licit or illicit, normal or "perverse," ecstatic or embarrassing—*just so long as it really happened*. (Names may be changed—to protect the guilty.)

Send all manuscripts to: "The Lust Battalion," Avant-Garde, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018. A stamped, self-addressed envelope must accompany your manuscript if you wish to have it returned. Avant-Garde assumes no responsibility for lost manuscripts, so please keep a carbon copy. Manuscripts accepted for publication will be paid for at Avant-Garde's standard rates.

So come on all you unsung Tom Joneses and Lady Chatterleys, respond to our sex appeal. Remember, a pleasure shared is a pleasure doubled.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Friends—

I think that you—and your readers—have been taken by John Lennon. His drawings are nothing but chicken scrawls, poor imitations of Picasso's masterful erotic etchings, which you also published. The Lennon drawings remind me of the clumsy sketches my sister and I used to make when we were 10, to titillate ourselves. But, on the positive side, I think Lennon, as a musician, is a genius, and, in general, your magazine's artwork is thrilling.

Elizabeth Penny
Los Angeles, California

Gentlemen:

I had been waiting for your last issue before deciding whether or not to renew my subscription. Although I had been disappointed with previous issues, Avant-Garde's last number persuaded me to renew. I was particularly impressed with W.H. Auden's "A Day for a Lay." Fantastic!

Charles T. Bennett
Beaumont, Texas

Dear Editors,

I am simply overwhelmed by the beauty of W.H. Auden's poem "A Day for a Lay." In fact, he mirrored exactly how I feel when I blow my husband.

Mrs. Carol Alice Kulowe
Port Washington, N.Y.

Dear People,

The article on the "American Murder Association" was great. I was particularly interested in the organization called the "Medical Liberation Front."

I am a student at the college of Veterinary Medicine at Washington State University. Several students in the school—including myself—are increasingly troubled by mounting social problems of health and diet (or lack of it). Many of us are worried that we are not relevant to our times and our talents cannot help people directly enough. Spending a lifetime treating a parakeet or dog, or helping to increase the profits of some rich farmer, is no life at all. Not when others starve.

I'm hoping that you can help me get in contact with Medical Liberation Front.

Allan Britten
Pullman, Wash.

Editor's Note: The address you request is:
Medical Liberation Front
c/o Dr. Richard Kunnes
4556 Henry Hudson Parkway
Riverdale, New York 10463

Dear Friends,

As a new subscriber to "Avant-Garde"—I LOVE IT!!! However, as I was reading the article "Coming: Molecular Mastery of the Brain," I was shocked to see that you did not mention the name of John H. Nodine, M.D. He was the principal investigator of the first controlled study of RNA. I should very much appreciate your making mention of the above facts in a future issue of "Avant-Garde."

Marti E. Wortel
Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor,

Your article on fatgirls, by Max Hess, was great! It is time that society realized that fat can be beautiful, as Max (and I) believe.

By the way, some of your readers might like to know that NAAFA is a natural "gathering place" for those who agree that persecution of the fat must end.

William J. Fabrey, President
NAAFA (National Association to Aid Fat Americans, Inc.)
P.O. Box 745
Westbury, N.Y. 11590

Dear Sirs:

We're writing this regarding a letter from Mrs. Viola Mathais, published in your last issue, suggesting that Avant-Garde publish more pictures showing male genitals. We're whole-heartedly in favor of that suggestion! Women need spice in their lives, too!!

Phyllis Blamires
Susan Greer
Santa Monica, California

A GROOVE

In fact, there are 42 grooves on the most freaked-out tribal folk-rock record ever made: Avant-Garde Records' "ESP Sampler." Turn on and tune in with this 50-minute, 12-inch, 33⅓ r.p.m., compatible-stereo disc that brings you a kaleidoscope of the most consciousness-expanding sounds this side of the East Village. Over 100 New Scene artists, from Allen Ginsberg to Sun Ra to the Fugs to William Burroughs to Pharoah Sanders to Steve Lacy to Andrei Voznesensky to the Godz to Ornette Coleman, all doing their thing (see detailed description below). While they last, ONLY $3.98!!!

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Brothers and Sisters,

It has come to my attention that the Federal Postal Service is employing trained dogs to smell out marijuana, alias grass, traveling through the mail channels.

I would like to respectfully submit the following plan which, if carried out, would curb this nefarious activity.

This plan consists of sending parcels of legal material, such as hay, through the mail, which has been treated in such a manner as to arouse the attention of the inspecting canines.

This treatment involves rubbing the parcels with the essence of a bitch in heat. This essence, theoretically, will produce an erotic effect when sniffed by the canine postal authorities, thereby producing mass confusion in the Federal Narcotics Bureau as to which parcels contain the grass and which ones contain the goop.

This mass confusion, hopefully, will result in many unhappy canines.

Omar Nutmeg
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sir:

As a charter subscriber who takes great interest in your magazine, I'm begging you to send it in some kind of disguised manner so postal employees won't be tempted to help themselves to copies of it. I have, in the past, received empty wrappers from Avant-Garde, and sometimes nothing at all.

You have kindly replaced two of the issues, but as the popularity of Avant-Garde increases, I'm afraid the chances of a subscriber actually receiving his copies diminishes. I, for one, would gladly pay an extra dollar or two a year to insure delivery.

I also think it would be wise to mail your magazine under the name Popular Needlework & Stitchery or Transcripts of Fundamentalist Sermons to confound larcenous postal employees and/or those who see Avant-Garde sticking out of my mail-slot before I do. As a matter of fact, I'd be happy to send you a series of self-addressed manilla envelopes, all stamped with 1st Class postage, in hopes of not missing future issues. Kindly advise me if this would be practical. I'm sick of complaining to postal inspectors—who deny my charges on grounds that most postal employees can't read.

Adele Flene
Framingham Centre, Mass.

A subscription to Avant-Garde absolutely free!

As you might expect, we at Avant-Garde have found it neither easy nor profitable to reach potential subscribers through the mass media. A potential subscriber to Avant-Garde must be open-minded, literate, and somewhat unconventional. In short, he must be the kind of individual who cannot be reached economically through ads in, say, Reader's Digest.

On the other hand, we know that the kind of individual who reads Avant-Garde tends to associate with his peers. Therefore, we believe that you, an Avant-Garde subscriber, must number among your friends, acquaintances, and professional colleagues, at least one potential subscriber to Avant-Garde. And to persuade you to introduce that person to our magazine, we're prepared to make the following offer:

If you will bring us a new subscriber—at the Special Introductory Rate of eight months for only $6.99—we will extend your own subscription for eight months absolutely free!

That's right, we'll present you with the better part of a year of the most exciting and beautiful new magazine in the country today absolutely free!

How can we afford to make this offer? Frankly, although we lose money on it, we hope to make it up in the long run through repeated renewals by your friend. Maybe we're wrong, but that's a chance we're prepared to take. Meanwhile, the opportunity to take advantage of this unparalleled offer is yours.

To enter your friend's subscription—and have your own extended absolutely free—simply fill out the Subscription Order Form envelope facing this page, enclose $6.99, and pop it into the mail. No stamp is necessary. The check accompanying the order can be yours or your friend's (or you can chip in and send two checks!).

Furthermore, if you are not yet an Avant-Garde subscriber, you, too, can take advantage of this double-bonus offer. Simply enter a new subscription for yourself and a subscription for a friend and pay only $6.99—the usual price of one subscription—for both.

We hope you'll accept this invitation. We at Avant-Garde love to entertain and any friend of yours is a friend of ours.

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